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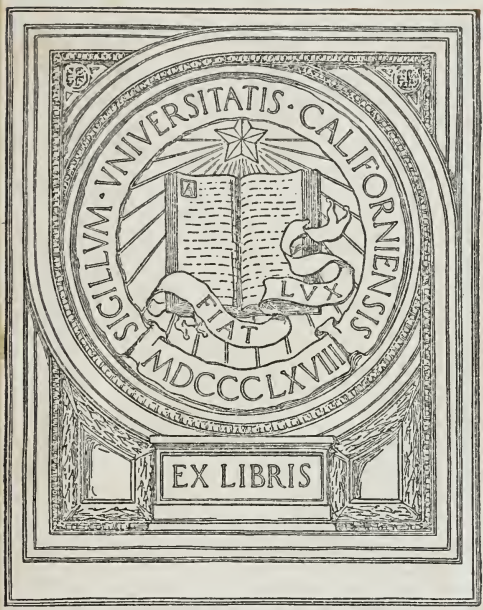
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THE

MAN OF THE WORLD;

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

CHARLES MACKLIN,

AUTHOR OF LOVE A-LA-MODE, &C.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
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122, NASSAU STREET.

REMARKS.

The Man of the World.

THE original name of this fine comedy was *The True-born Scotchman*. It was played in Ireland, with great applause, many years before its appearance in London; for that scrupulous jack-in-office, *Capell*, of Shakspearian notoriety, who at that period held the situation of sub-licencer, prohibited its exhibition on the English stage. The death of that dunce, however, removed every obstacle, and the comedy, enlarged to five acts, with a new title (the former one being considered too *national*), was performed at Covent Garden, in the year 1781, with complete success. But, although The True-born Scotchman was softened down to the Man of the World, the chief character retained all its original identity and force of colouring. Every man of the world is not a Scotchman, but every Scotchman is a man of the world.

Boswell, at his first interview with Dr. Johnson, after apologising for being a Scotchman, added, with true simplicity of heart, that he *couldn't help it*. To which Johnson, with compassionate irony, replied, "Sir, it is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help!"—And Sir Pertinax can no more help his cringing hypocricy, his beggarly pride, his griping avarice, than, like Boswell, he can help being a Scotchman.—They are his property by descent, his true inheritance. Had he flourished in the days of *Messrs. Gall* and *Spurtzheim*, and submitted his pericranium to the inspection of those learned professors, what a glorious development of the *national organs* had been discovered! The bump of *acquisitiveness* and that of *conscientiousness*, would have been in the same proportion as *Ossa* to a *wart*;—unless *conscienciousness* should signify an extensive conscience—as "*natale solum*" has been translated into "*my estate*"—and *then, indeed*, the *bumps* would have been found pretty equal. For the conscience of Sir Pertinax, like Mercutio's wound, though neither so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, is sufficiently capacious.

For manly sense, keen satire, and original character, this comedy may rank with the very best in the English language. The unities of time and place are preserved with great exactness; the former is within forty eight hours, and the latter is confined to the house of Sir Pertinax. The plot has the advantage of simplicity, yet the interest never flags; the incidents display no caricature exhibitions of life, yet the audience are exhilirated throughout; which proves that, though extravagance may provoke laughter, it is not absolutely essential to it; and that comedy, in the hands of a genius, may be made to satisfy the judgment, and to relax the muscles; and be at once a source of entertainment, and a lesson of morality.

The inimitable pencil of Hogarth has delineated the *rake's* and the *harlot's* progress.—The pen of Macklin has given us the *Scotchman's* progress with equal discrimination and humour. Both artists

drew their pictures from actual observation, and their *similitude* has been universally acknowledged by those who were amused to see it in their neighbours, or mortified to behold it in themselves.

The hero of this comedy is a once-needy Scotchman, whose *poverty* and *will* consenting, leaves his native land; for, according to the epigram—

"Had *Cain* been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom,
Nor forc'd him to wander, but confined him *at home*,"

to push his fortune in a more congenial clime. The two great objects of his ambition are to amass wealth, and to raise himself to distinction; both of which he pursues with unwearied diligence. Though low-born, or, at best, descended—

"From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,"

and almost without education, he has a large fund of craft and cunning, a subtlety of observation, and a promptitude of action, well suited to his designs; the unceasing employment of which leads him, step by step, from poverty to riches. Though a tyrant to those that are dependent on him, he is the same fawning parasite to his superiors in rank—and the most obsequious humble servant of all whom he can either cheat, or make the tools of his ambition. Finding his utter insignificance in polished society, from the want of a liberal education, he resolves to remedy that defect in his son, whom he places under the tuition of a clergyman, who instils into the mind of his pupil those principles of rectitude and honour which make him despise his father, and act in direct opposition to his will. The very plan, therefore, that Sir Pertinax adopts to forward his ambitious schemes, tends to overthrow them.—He sought to give villany an external grace, but, employing *education* as the means, he is justly punished for his ignorance.

Lord Lumbercourt is a dissipated peer, who has no thoughts beyond present enjoyment, and who sacrifices fortune, family, and reputation to a life of pleasure. He is a political football, kicked to and fro by every party, and, at last, left to the neglect and contume.y of all. Sidney is the picture of an ingenuous mind, informed and polished by education. He is a man placed by fortune in a state of dependence, but gifted with a spirit that can rise superior to—

"The scorn of villains, and the frowns of fate."

Much of the humour of this drama arises out of the character of Lady Rodolpha; whose lively wit and satirical levity are an excellent match for the biting sarcasm of Sir Pertinax. Her presence draws forth the booing qualities of this servile hypocrite, who pays her almost as much reverence as Sir Hudibras did Trullia:—

"Madam, I do as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye.

Her picturesque description of Bath, and its miscellaneous mob of nigh and low life—of the odd mixture of quality folks and *canaille*,—your little purse-proud mechanics apeing the airs and follies of people of fashion, is equally applicable to present times. The northern education of this vivacious lady has not spoiled her natural frankness; and her concluding wish confirms the good opinion we had, from the first, entertained of her generosity and spirit.

The Man of the World is not only a satire on Scotchmen, but on

political venality and corruption of every description. The chicanery of Sir Pertinax is that of every one who aspires to power and place; and his group of lords, judges, generals, and bishops, all crowding to the great man's leeve, is a true picture of our daily political intrigues. The unpopularity of the then existing ministry gave double edge to the satire of the Man of the World, when it was first played in London. The English nation, heartily disgusted with Scotchmen and Scotch influence, were glad to express their antipathy through the medium of the stage; every sentence, therefore, that bore hard upon hypocricy and avarice, was applauded with enthusiasm. Some hot-headed North Britons, "more fam'd for *brimstone* than for *brains*," attempted an opposition on the first night; others, of the wiser sort, sat with sad civility, and pocketed the affront. The jokes were too bitter to laugh at, and to express disapprobation would have brought down the overwhelming ridicule of the audience. We may imagine a vociferous Scot, smarting under the lash thus reproved by a brother of more saturnine temperament—"*Am I upon a bed of Roses?*"

The name of Macklin is equally celebrated as an author and an actor. If *The Man of the World* be not the best comedy in the English language, it ranks foremost among the best; and we can mention no farce that may justly compare with *Love a la Mode*. Macklin's style of acting was bold, grand, and original. He redeemed Shylock from buffoonery, and gave his own vigorous conception of that wonderful character. His just taste clothed Macbeth in the Highland costume; for the Scottish chief had, till then, been played by Garrick in a full dress military uniform, and a tie wig. He was equally excellent in tragedy and comedy.—In tragedy, where the dark and terrible passions are exhibited; in comedy, where hypocricy and sarcasm are the predominant features. His power of raising broad mirth must have been considerable; since his *Jerry Blackacre* provoked the jealousy of *Quin*, who showed Macklin some rudeness on the occasion, and received chastisement at his hands. His temper was impatient and irascible, but the goodness of his heart soon corrected any sudden ebullition. When, in the honourable exercise of his profession, he was so ungenerously assailed by his brethren, that he found it necessary to appeal to the laws for protection, his moderation and forbearance called forth the especial approbation of Lord Mansfield, who told him that he "*had never acted better.*" He abhorred *trickery* on the stage, and off it; his severe judgment forbade him to pander for popular applause, while his integrity, as a man, was firm and unimpeachable. Through the course of a long and toilsome life, checquered with almost every vicissitude of fortune, he never deviated from the straight-forward path of honour; and, though old age overtook him in poverty, it found him not in disgrace. Like other distinguished men of his day, he provoked the satirical mimickry of *Foote*, whose favourite diversion it was to burlesque Macklin's oratorical lectures, and to caricature his manner of teaching *Barry* Othello. He died July 11, 1797, aged 107, and was buried in a vault under the chancel of Covent Garden church.

It may be presumed that, in drawing Sir Pertinax, Macklin fairly took measure of his own powers—hence the wonderful genius that he displayed in the delineation of this wily Scot. In every requisite for this character, Cooke was eminently rich. His assumption of the dialect was perfect; and, so admirably did every look and gesture second his just conception of the part, that the late Mr. Kemble only confirmed the unanimous opinion of the public, when he declared

that Cooke's Sir Pertinax was the most highly-finished comic exhibition that the modern stage could produce. Cooke somewhat abated the rigid sternness that Macklin was wont to maintain throughout the character, and threw over certain parts a jocularity and humour that heightened the general effect. One of his greatest points was the history Sir Pertinax gives his son, Egerton, of his rise and progress in life. When he came to the "old slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case," he chuckled over the ludricous description, and wound up the whole with a triumphant air and tone of exultation that completed the picture. If we were called upon to point out the most unique and perfect specimen of comic acting, we should unhesitatingly refer to Cooke's Sir Pertinax.

Mr. Young's conception of the character is, for the most part, correct, his delineation powerful, and his Scotch dialect nearly unexceptionable. But he wants Cooke's sardonic grin and ever-varying expression of countenance, that was true to the minutest turns of passion,—he is not happy in portraying those frequent transitions from abrupt ferocity to sanctimonious composure —he cannot relax from fierceness and rage, to an "amicable reesibility of aspect." Still his performuce has great merit. Those who remember not Cooke will be delighted with it; and even those who bear in full recollection that incomparable actor, will admire Mr. Young's versatility of talent, as exhibited in this singularly difficult character.

D——G.

Costumes.

Sir Pertinax Macsycophant.—Dark court dress, richly embroidered.

Egerton.—Blue coat, lined with white silk, white waistcoat, black silk breeches, black silk stockings.

Lord Lumbercourt.—Brown court dress.

Sidney.—Black coat, waistcoat, and breeches.

Melville.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, pantaloons, boots.

Serjeant Eitherside and Counsellor Plausible. —Black suits.

Tomlins.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, buff breeches.

Servants.—Party-coloured liveries.

Lady Macsycophant.—Dark striped satin dress.

Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt.—Fashionable white satin dress, with rich and tasteful trimming.

Constantia.—Plain white muslin.

Betty Hint.—White dress, apron, trimmed with pink ribbon, cap, trimmed with ditto.

Nanny.—Servant's neat gown, &c.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

[*Originally Performed in Ireland, and first acted in England at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Thursday, May* 10, 1781.]

	C. G. 1781.	C. G. May 16, 1797.	C. G. April 10, 1802.	C. G. Dec. 6, 1811.
Lord Lumbercourt	Mr. Wilson	Mr. Thompson	Mr. Waddy	Mr. Murray
Sir Pertinax Macsycophant	Mr. Macklin	Mr. Fawcett	Mr. G. F. Cooke	Mr. Grant
Egerton (his son)	Mr. Lewis	Mr. Holman	Mr. Lewis	Mr. C. Kemble
Sidney (tutor to Egerton)	Mr. Aikin	Mr. Murray	Mr. Murray	Mr. Brunton
Melville (father to Constantia)	Mr. Clarke	Mr. Hall	Mr. Whitfield	Mr. Egerton
Counsellor Plausible	Mr. Wewitzer	Mr. Waddy	Mr. Beverley	Mr. Creswell
Serjeant Eitherside	Mr. Booth	Mr. Macready	Mr. Davenport	Mr. Chapman
Sam.	Mr. J. Wilson	Mr. Ledger	Mr. Truman	Mr. West
John	Mr. Thompson	Mr. Wild	Mr. Atkins	Mr. Atkins
Tomlins	Mr. L'Estrange	Mr. Abbot	Mr. Abbot	Mr. Truman
Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt	Miss Younge	Mrs. Mattocks	Mrs. Glover	Mrs. H. Johnson
Lady Macsycophant	Miss Platt	Mrs. Platt	Miss Leserve	Miss Leserve
Constantia Melville	Miss Satchell	Miss Mar-el	Miss Murray	Miss Bolton
Betty Hint (a chambermaid)	Mrs. Wilson	Mrs. Martyr	Mrs. Mattocks	Mrs. Gibbs
Nanny	Mrs. Davenett	Mrs. Norton	Mrs. Norton	(Not in bill)

	C. G. July 6, 1816.	D. L March 18, 1822.	C. G. 1823.	S. Wells, Nov. 27, 1854.
Lord Lumbercourt	Mr. Murray	Mr Gattie	Mr. Young	Mr. Barrett
Sir Pertinax Macsycophant	Mr. Terry	Mr. Kean	Mr. Bartley	Mr. Phelps
Egerton (his son)	Mr. C. Kemble	Mr. Cooper	Mr. Cooper	Mr. F. Robson
Sidney (tutor to Egerton)	Mr. Abbott	Mr. S. Penley	Mr. Abbott	Mr. Graham
Melville (father to Constantia)	Mr. Egerton	Mr. Powell	Mr. Egerton	Mr. H. Mellon
Counsellor Plausible	Mr. Bellamy	Mr. Hughes	Mr. Evans	Mr. Wilkins
Serjeant Eitherside	Mr. Chapman	Mr. Willmott	Mr. Chapman	Mr. Williams
Sam.	Mr. W. Chapman	Mr. Isaacs	Mr. Parsloe	Mr. Meagreson
John	Mr. Atkins	Mr. Webster	Mr. Atkins	Mr. C. Fenton
Tomlins	Mr. Crampton	Mr. Dobbs	Mr. Ley	Mr. C. Mortimer
Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt	Miss S. Booth	Miss S. Booth	Mrs. Chatterley	Miss Cooper
Lady Macsycophant	Mrs. Emery	Mrs. Dobbs	Mrs. Pearce	Mrs. H. Marston
Constantia Melville	Miss Matthews	Miss Smithson	Miss Beaumont	Mrs. Lucy Rafter
Betty Hint (a chambermaid)	Mrs, Gibbs	Mrs. Orger	Mrs. Gibbs	Mrs. Eliza Travers
Nanny	(Not in bill)	Miss Phillips	Miss Boden	Mrs. Grahams

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter BETTY HINT, R., *and* SAM, L.

Betty. (R. C.) The postman is at the gate, Sam; pray, step and take in the letters.

Sam. (L.) John, the gardener, is gone for them, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. Bid John bring them to me, Sam; tell him I am here in the library.

Sam. I'll send him to your ladyship in a crack.

[*Exit*, L.

Enter NANNY, R.

Nanny. (R.) Miss Constantia desires to speak to you, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. How is she now?—Any better, Nanny?

Nanny. (R. C.) Something, but very low-spirited still. I verily believe it is as you say.

Betty. Oh, I would take my book oath of it. I cannot be deceived in that point, Nanny. Aye, aye! her business is done; she is certainly breeding, depend upon it.

Nanny. Why, so the housekeeper thinks, too.

Betty. Nay, I know the father—the man that ruined her.

Nanny. The deuce you do!

Betty. As sure as you are alive, Nanny; or I am greatly deceived;—and yet I can't be deceived neither.—Was not that the cook that came galloping so hard over the common just now?

Nanny. [*Both* c.] The same. How very hard he galloped: he has been but three quarters of an hour, he says, coming from Hyde Park Corner.

Betty. And what time will the family be down?

Nanny. He has orders to have dinner ready by five;—there are to be lawyers, and a great deal of company here;—he fancies there is to be a private wedding to-night between our young master, Charles, and Lord Lumbercourt's daughter, the Scotch lady, who, he says, is just come post from Bath, in order to be married to him.

Betty. Ay, ay—Lady Rodolpha; nay, like enough, for I know it has been talked of a good while. Well, go tell Miss Constantia that I will be with her immediately.

Nanny. I shall, Mrs. Betty. [*Exit*, R.

Betty. So!—I find they all believe the impertinent creature is breeding—that's pure! It will soon reach my lady's ears, I warrant.

Enter JOHN, L.

Well, John, ever a letter for me?

John. (L. C.) No, Mrs. Betty; but here is one for Miss Constantia.

Betty. Give it me. Hum! my lady's hand.

John. And here is one, which the postman says is for my young master; but it's a strange direction. [*Reading.*] "*To Charles Egerton, Esq.*"

Betty. Oh, yes, yes; this is for Master Charles, John; for he has dropped his father's name of Macsycophant, and has taken up that of Egerton; the parliament has ordered it.

John. The parliament! — Pr'ythee, why so, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. Why, you must know, John, that my lady, his mother, was an Egerton, by her father; she stole a match with our old master, for which all her family, on both sides, have hated Sir Pertinax, and the whole crew of the Macsycophants, ever since;—and so, John, my lady's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, dying an old batchelor, and, as I said before, mortally hating our old master, and all the crew of the Macsycophants, left his whole estate to Master Charles, who was his godson; but on condition that he should drop his father's name of Macsycophant, and take up that of Egerton, and that is

the reason, John, why the parliament has made him change his name.

John. I am glad that Master Charles has got the estate, however, for he is a sweet-tempered gentleman.

Betty. As ever lived. But come, John; as I know you love Miss Constantia, and are fond of being where she is, I will make you happy; you shall carry this letter to her.

John. (c.) Shall I, Mrs. Betty? I am much obliged to you. Where is she?

Betty. In the housekeeper's room, settling the dessert. Give me Mr. Egerton's letter, and I'll leave it on the table in his dressing-room; I see it is from his brother Sandy. So—now go and deliver your letter to your sweetheart, John.

John. (R. C.) That I will; and I am much beholden to you for the favour of letting me carry it to her: for though she should never have me, yet I shall always love her, and wish to be near her, she is so sweet a creature. Your servant, Mrs. Betty. [*Exit*, R.

Betty. (R. C.) Your servant, John. Ha, ha, ha! Poor fellow! he perfectly doats on her, and daily follows her about with nosegays and fruit, and the first of every thing in the season. Ay, and my young master, Charles, too, is in as bad a way as the gardener;—in short, every body loves her, and that's one reason why I hate her. For my part, I wonder what the deuce the men see in her—a creature that was taken in for charity; I'm sure she's not so handsome. I wish she was out of the family once; if she was, I might then stand a chance of being my lady's favourite myself—ay, and perhaps of getting one of my young masters for a sweetheart, or at least the chaplain: but as to him, there would be no such great catch if I should get him. I will try for him, however; and my first step shall be to tell the doctor all I have discovered about Constantia's intrigues with her spark at Hadley. Yes, that will do; for the doctor loves to talk with me—loves to hear me talk, too; and I verily believe—he, he, he! that he has a sneaking kindness for me, and this story will make him have a good opinion of my honesty, and that, I am sure, will be one step towards—O! bless me, here he comes, and my young master with him. I'll watch an opportunity to speak to him as soon as he is alone, for I will blow

her up, I am resolved, as great a favourite and as cunning as she is. [*Exit*, R.

Enter EGERTON, L., SIDNEY *following, as if in earnest conversation.*

Sid. (L.) Nay, dear Charles, but why are you so impetuous? Why do you break from me abruptly?

Eger. [*Crosses to* R. *and turns.*] I have done, sir; you have refused. I have nothing more to say upon the subject. I am satisfied. [*Crosses to* L.

Sid. (C.) Come, come. correct this warmth—it is the only weak ingredient in your nature, and you ought to watch it carefully. [*Egerton crosses to* L.] Because I will not abet an unwarrantable passion by an abuse of my sacred character, in marrying you beneath your rank, and in direct opposition to your father's hopes and happiness—you blame me, you angrily break from me, and call me unkind.

Eger. (L.) Dear Sidney, for my warmth I stand condemned; but for my marriage with Constantia, I think I can justify it upon every principle of filial duty, honour, and worldly prudence.

Sid. Only make that appear, Charles, and you know you may command me.

Eger. I am sensibly how unseemly it appears in a son to descant on the unamiable passions of a parent; but, as we are alone, and friends, I cannot help observing, in my own defence, that when a father will not allow the use of reason to any of his family—when his pursuit of greatness makes him a slave abroad, only to be a tyrant at home—when a narrow partiality to Scotland, on every trivial occasion, provokes him to enmity even with his wife and children, only because they give a national preference where they think it most justly due; and when, merely to gratify his own ambition, he would marry his son into a family he detests; sure, Sidney, a son thus circumstanced (from the dignity of human reason, and the feelings of a loving heart) has a right, not only to protest against the blindness of a parent, but to pursue those measures that virtue and happiness point out.

Sid. The violent temper of Sir Pertinax, I own, cannot be defended on many occasions, but still, your intended alliance with Lord Lumbercourt.——

Eger. (C.) [*With impatience.*] Oh! contemptible!

A trifling, quaint, haughty, voluptuous, servile tool! the mere lacquey of party and corruption; who, for the prostitution of near thirty years, and the ruin of a noble fortune, has had the despicable satisfaction, and the infamous honour, of being kicked up and kicked down, kicked in and kicked out, just as the insolence, compassion, or convenience of leaders predominated; and now, being forsaken by all parties, his whole political consequence amounts to the power of franking a letter, and the right honourable privilege of not paying a tradesman's bill.

Sid. (R. C.) Well, my dear Charles, you are not to wed my lord, but his daughter.

Eger. (L. C.) Who is as disagreeable to me for a companion, as her father for a friend or an ally.

Sid. What! her Scotch accent, I suppose, offends you?

Eger. No, upon my honour; not in the least; I think it entertaining in her: but, were it otherwise, in decency, and indeed in national affection, being a Scotchman myself, I can have no objection to her on that account; besides, she is my rear relation.

Sid. So I understand. But pray, Charles, how came Lady Rodolpha, who I find was born in England, to be bred in Scotland?

Eger. From the dotage of an old, formal, obstinate, stiff, rich, Scotch grandmother, who, upon a promise of leaving this grandchild all her fortune, would have the girl sent to her to Scotland, when she was but a year old, and there has she been ever since, bred up with this old lady, in all the vanity and unlimited indulgence that fondness and admiration could bestow on a spoiled child, a fancied beauty, and a pretended wit: and is this a woman fit to make my happiness? this the partner that Sidney would recommend to me for life?—To you, who best know me, I appeal.

Sid. Why, Charles, it is a delicate point, unfit for me to determine; besides, your father has set his heart upon the match.

Eger. All that I know; but still I ask and insist upon your candid judgement: is she the kind of woman that you think could possibly contribute to my happiness? I beg you will give me an explicit answer.

Sid. The subject is disagreeable; but, since I must speak, I do not think she is.

Eger. I know you do not; and I am sure you never will advise the match.

Sid. I never will—I never will.

Eger. You make me happy; which, I assure you, I never could be with your judgment against me in this point.

Sid. But pray, Charles, suppose I had been so indiscreet as to have agreed to marry you to Constantia, would she have consented, think you?

Eger. That I cannot say, positively; but I suppose so.

Sid. Did you never speak to her upon that subject, then?

Eger. In general terms only; never directly requested her consent in form. [*Crosses with an air of happy resolution to* R.] But I will this very moment; for I have no asylum from my father's arbitrary design, but my Constantia's arms. Pray do not stir from hence; I will return instantly. I know she will submit to your advice; and I am sure you will persuade her to my wish, as my life, my peace, my earthly happiness, depend on my Constantia. [*Exit*, R.

Sid. (C.) Poor Charles! he little dreams that I love Constantia, too; but to what degree I knew not myself, till he importuned me to join their hands. Yes, I love —but must not be a rival, for he is dear to me as fraternal affinity.

Enter BETTY, R.

Betty. [*Advancing with several formal curteseys.*] I beg pardon for my intrusion, sir. I hope, sir, I don't disturb your reverence?

Sid. Not in the least, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. (R. C.) I humbly beg you will excuse me, sir; but I wanted to break my mind to your honour—about a scruple that lies upon my conscience; and indeed I should not have presumed to trouble you, sir, but that I know you are my young master's friend, and my old master's friend, and, indeed, a friend to the whole family; [*Curteseys with a wearisome formality.*] for, to give you your due, sir, you are as good a preacher as ever went into a pulpit.

Sid. (L. C.) Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. (C.) Ah, in truth do I; and as good a gentleman, too, as ever came into a family, and one that never

gives a servant a bad word, nor that does any one an ill turn, neither behind their back nor before their face.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, you are a mightily well-spoken woman, Mrs. Betty, and I am mightily beholden to you for your good character of me.

Betty. Indeed, sir, it is no more than you deserve, and that all the world and all the servants say of you.

Sid. I am much obliged to them, Mrs. Betty; but, pray, what are your commands with me?

Betty. Why, I'll tell you, sir—to be sure, I am but a servant, as a body may say—and every tub should stand upon its own bottom; but—[*She lays her hand familiarly on his* R. *shoulder, speaking in a deep whisper.*]—my young master is now in the china-room, in close conference with Miss-Constantia. I know what they are about, but that is no business of mine; and, therefore, I made bold to listen a little; because, you know, sir, one would be sure, before one took away any body's reputation.

Sid. Very true, Mrs. Betty—very true, indeed.

Betty. Oh! heavens forbid that I should take away any young woman's good name, unless I had a good reason for it; but, sir, [*In a tone of vulgar positiveness.*] if I am in this place alive, as I listened, with my ear close to the door, I heard my young master ask Miss Constantia the plain marriage question; upon which I started and trembled, nay, my very conscience stirred within me so, that I could not help peeping through the key-hole.

Sid. Ah, ha, ha; and so your conscience made you peep through the key-hole, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. It did, indeed, sir; and there I saw my young master upon his knees—Lord bless us! and what do you think he was doing?—Kissing her hand as if he would eat it, and protesting, and assuring her, he knew that you, sir, would consent to the match, and then the tears ran down her cheeks as fast——

Sid. Ay!

Betty. They did, indeed. I would not tell your reverence a lie for the world.

Sid. I believe it, Mrs. Betty; and what did Constantia say to all this?

Betty. Oh!—Oh! she is sly enough; she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth; but all is not gold that glisters; smooth water, you know, sir, runs deep-

est. I am sorry my young master makes such a fool of himself; but—um! take my word for it, he is not the man; for, though she looks as modest as a maid at a christening—yet—ah!—when sweethearts meet, in the dusk of the evening, and stay together a whole hour, in the dark grove, and embrace, and kiss, and weep at parting—why, then, you know, sir, it is easy to guess all the rest.

Sid. Why, did Constantia meet any body in this manner?

Betty. [*With affected modesty.*] Oh! heavens! I beg, sir, you will not misapprehend me; for, I assure you, I do not believe they did any harm—that is, not in the grove; at least, not when I was there; and she may be honestly married, for aught I know. Oh! lud, sir, I would not say an ill thing of Miss Constantia for the world. I only say they did meet in the dark walk; and all the servants observe that Miss Constantia wears her stays very loose, looks very pale, is sick in the morning and after dinner; and as sure as my name is Betty Hint, something has happened that I won't name; but, nine months hence, a certain person in this family may ask me to stand godmother; for I think I know what's what, when I see it, as well as another.

Sid. No doubt you do, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. I do, indeed, sir. [*Going,* R.] And so, your servant, sir. [*Returning.*] But I hope your worship won't mention my name in this business; or that you had an item from me.

Sid. I shall not, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. For, indeed, sir, I am no busybody, nor do I love fending nor proving; and I assure you, sir, I hate all tittling and tattling, and gossiping, and backbiting, and taking away a person's good name.

Sid. I observe you do, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. I do, indeed, sir. I am the farthest from it in the world.

Sid. I dare say you are.

Betty. I am, indeed, sir; and so your humble servant.

Sid. Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. [*Aside, in an exulting air.*] So! I see he believes every word I say—that's charming. I'll do her business for her, I'm resolved. [*Exit,* R.

Sid. What can this ridiculous creature mean by her dark walk, her private spark, her kissing, and all her

slanderous insinuations against Constantia, whose conduct is as unblamable as innocence itself? I see envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench, as in the vainest or most ambitious lady of the court. It is always an infallible mark of the basest nature; and merit in the lowest, as well as in the highest station, must feel the shaft of envy's constant agents—falsehood and slander. [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter CONSTANTIA *and* EGERTON, R.

Con. (C.) Mr. Sidney is not here, sir.

Eger. (C.) I assure you I left him, and begged he would stay till I returned.

Con. His prudence, you see, sir, has made him retire; therefore we had better defer the subject till he is present; in the mean time, sir, I hope you will permit me to mention an affair that has greatly alarmed and perplexed me: I suppose you guess what it is?

Eger. I do not, upon my word.

Con. That is a little strange. You know, sir, that you and Mr. Sidney did me the honour of breakfasting with me this morning in my little study.

Eger. We had that happiness, madam.

Con. Just after you left me, upon opening my book of accounts, which lay in the draw of the reading-desk, to my great surprise, I there found this case of jewels, containing a most elegant pair of ear-rings, a necklace of great value, and two bank-bills in this pocket-book, the mystery of which, sir, I presume, you can explain.

Eger. I can.

Con. They were of your conveying, then?

Eger. They were, madam.

Con. I assure you they startled and alarmed me.

Eger. I hope it was a kind of alarm such as blushing virtue feels, when, with her hand, she gives her heart and last consent.

Con. I was not, indeed sir.

Eger. Do not say so, Constantia: come, be kind at once; my peace and worldly bliss depend upon this moment.

Con. What would you have me do?

Eger. What love and virtue dictate.

Con. Oh! sir, experience but too severely proves, that such unequal matches as ours, never produce aught but contempt and anger in parents, censure from the world, and a long train of sorrow and repentance in the wretched parties; which is but too often entailed upon their hapless issue.

Eger. But that, Constantia, cannot be our case: my fortune is independent and ample; equal to luxury and splendid folly. I have a right to choose the partner of my heart.

Con. But I have not, sir; I am a dependant on my lady—a poor, forsaken, helpless orphan; your benevolent mother found me, took me to her bosom, and there supplied my parental loss, with every tender care, indulgent dalliance, and with all the sweet persuasion that material fondness, religious precept, polished manners, and hourly example could administer.—She fostered me; [*Weeping*] and shall I now turn viper, and with black ingratitude sting the tender heart that thus hath cherished me? shall I seduce her house's heir, and kill her peace? No; though I loved to the mad extreme of female fondness; though every worldly bliss that woman's vanity or man's ambition could desire, followed the indulgence of my love, and all the contempt and misery of this life the denial of that indulgence, I would discharge my duty to my benefactress—my earthly guardian, my more than parent!

Eger. My dear Constantia, your prudence, your gratitude, and the cruel virtue of your self-denial, do but increase my love, my admiration, and my misery.

Con. Sir, I must beg you will give me leave to return these bills and jewels.

Eger. Pray do not mention them: sure my kindness and esteem may be indulged so far without suspicion or reproach—I beg you will accept of them; nay, I insist.

Con. I have done, sir; my station here is to obey. I know, sir, they are gifts of a virtuous mind; and mine shall convert them to the tenderest and most grateful use.

Eger. Hark! I hear a coach; it is my father. Dear

girl, retire and compose yourself. I will send my lady and Sidney to you; and by their judgment we will be directed: will that satisfy you?

Con. (L. C.) I can have no will but my lady's. With your leave, I will retire; I would not see her in this confusion.

Eger. Dear girl, adieu! [*Exit* CONSTANTIA, L.

Enter SAM, R.

Sam. Sir Pertinax and my lady are come, sir; and my lady desires to speak with you in her own room: Oh! here she is, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Enter Lady MACSYCOPHANT, R.

Lady M. [R. C. *Greatly agitated.*] Dear child, I am glad to see you: why did not you come to town yesterday, to attend the levee? your father is incensed to the utmost at your not being there.

Eger. (C.) Madam, it is with extreme regret I tell you, that I can be no longer a slave to his temper, his politics, and his scheme of marrying me to this woman; therefore you had better consent at once to my going out of the kingdom, and my taking Constantia with me—for without her I never can be happy.

Lady M. As you regard my peace, or your own character, I beg you will not be guilty of so rash a step. You promised me you never would marry her without my consent. I will open it to your father. Pray, dear Charles, be ruled: let me prevail.

Sir P. [*Without*, R. *in great anger.*] Sir, wull ye do as ye are bid, and haud your gab, you rascal! You are so full of gab, you scoundrel. Take the chestnut gelding, return to toon directly, and see what is become of my Lord Lumbercourt.

Lady M. (C.) Here he comes. I will get out of his way. (L. C.) But, I beg, Charles, while he is in this ill humour, that you will not oppose him, let him say what he will—when his passion is a little cool, I will return, and try to bring him to reason—but do not thwart him.

Eger. (L. C.) Madam, I will not.

[*Exit* Lady M. L.

Sir P. [*Without*, R.] Here, you Tomlins, where is my son Egerton?

Tom. [*Without*, R.] In the library, sir.

Sir P. [*Without*, R.] As soon as the lawye be sure bring me word.

Enter SIR PERTINAX, R. *with great haughtiness, and in anger*—EGERTON *bows two or three times most submissively low.*

Sir P. Weel, sir! vary weel! vary weel: are nat ye a fine spark, ? are nat ye a fine spark, I say ?—ah! you are a—so you wou'd not come up till the levee ?

Eger. (c.) Sir, I beg your pardon; but I was not very well; besides, I did not think my presence there was necessary.

Sir P. [*On his* L. *snapping him up.*] Sir it was necessary; I tauld you it was necessary; and, sir, I must now tell you that the whole tenour of your conduct is most offensive.

Eger. I am sorry you think so, sir; I am sure I do not mean to offend you.

Sir P. I care not what you intend. Sir, I tell you you do offend. What is the meaning of this conduct, sir?—neglect the levee !—'death, sir, you—what is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands?

Eger. [*With a stifled filial resentment.*] Sir, I am not used to levees; nor do I know how to dispose of myself; nor what to say or do in such a situation.

Sir P. [*With a proud angry resentment.*] Zounds, sir, do you nat see what others do? gentle and simple, temporal and spiritual, lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops; aw crowding, bustling, and pushing foremest intill the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a look or a smile fra the great mon, which they meet wi'an amicable reesibility of aspeet—a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating co-operation of the whole mon; which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates that they luick upon themselves as the suppliant appendages of his power, and the enlisted Swiss of his poleetical fortune; this, sir, is what you ought to do, and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for this five-and-thraty years, let who would be minister.

Eger. [*Aside.*] Contemptible!

Sir P. What is that you mutter, Sir?

Eger. Only a slight reflection, sir, not relative to you.

Sir P. Sir, your absenting yourself fra the levee at this juncture is suspeecious—it is looked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your countrymen are highly offended at your conduct. For this, sir, they do not look

upon you as a friend or weel-wisher either to Scotland or Scotchmen.

Eger. [*With a quick warmth.*] Then, sir, they wrong me, I assure you; but, pray, sir, in what particular can I be charged, either with coldness or offence to my country.

Sir P. Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, left you his three thousand pounds a-year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are grown proud—that you have estranged yourself fra the Mac-sycophants—have associated with your mother's family—with the opposeetion—and with those who do not wish well to Scotland: besides, sir, the other day, in a conversation at dinner, at your cousin Campbell M'Kenzie's, before a whole table full of your ain relations, did you not publicly wish a total extinguishment to aw party, and of aw national distinctions whatever, relative to the three kingdoms?—[*With great anger.*]—And, you blockhead—was that a prudent wish before so many of your ain countrymen? or was it filial language to hold before me?

Eger. Sir, with your pardon, I cannot think it unfilial or imprudent.—[*With a most patriotic warmth.*]—I own I do wish—most ardently wish for a total extinction of all party; particularly—that those of English, Irish, and Scotch might never more be brought into contest or competition, unless, like loving brothers, in generous emulation for one common cause.

Sir P. How, sir! do you persist? what! would you banish aw party, and aw distinction between English, Irish, and your ain countrymen?

Eger. [*with great dignity of spirit.*] I would, sir.

Sir P. Then damn you, sir, you are nae true Scot. Ay, sir, you may look as angry as you will, but again I say, you are nae true Scot.

Eger. Your pardon, sir, I think he is the true Scot and the true citizen, who wishes equal justice to the merit and demerit of every subject of Great Britain; amongst whom I know but of two distinctions.

Sir P. Weel, sir, and what are those—what are those?

Eger. The knave and the honest man.

Sir P. Pshaw! rideeculous.

Eger. And he who makes any other—let him be of the North, or of the South—of the East, or of the

West—in place, or out of place, is an enemy to the whole, and to the virtues of humanity.

Sir P. Ay, sir, this is your brother's impudent doctrine, for the which I have banished him for ever fra my presence, my heart, and my fortune. Sir, I will have no son of mine, because truly he has been educated in an English seminary, presume, under the mask of candour, to speak against his native land, or against my principles. Scotchmen, sir, Scotchmen, wherever they meet throughout aw the globe, should unite, and stick together, as it were in a political phalanx. However, nae mair of that now; I will talk at large to you about that anon. In the mean while, sir, notwithstanding your contempt of my advice, and your disobedience till my commands, I will convince you of my paternal attention till your welfare, by my management of this voluptuary—this Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter you are to marry. You ken, sir, that the fellow has been my patron above these five-and-thraty years.

Eger. True, sir.

Sir P. Vary weel. And now, sir, you see, by his prodigality, he is become my dependant; and, accordingly, I have made my bargain with him; the devil a baubee he has in the world but what comes through these clutches; for his whole estate, which has three impleecit boroughs upon it—mark—is now in my custody at nurse; the which estate, on my paying off his debts, and allowing him a life rent of five thousand pounds per annum, is to be made over till me for life, and at my death is to descend till ye and your issue. The peerage of Lumbercourt, you ken, will follow of course. So, sir, you see, there are three impleecit boroughs, the whole patrimony of Lumbercourt, and a peerage, at one slap. Why, it is a stroke—a hit—a hit. Zounds! sir, a mon may live a century, and not make sic an hit again.

Eger. It is a very advantageous bargain indeed, sir; but what will my lord's family say to it?

Sir P. Why, mon, he cares not if his family were aw at the devil, so his luxury is but gratified; only let him have his racehorse to feed his vanity; his harridan to drink drams with him, scrat his face, and burn his periwig, when she is in her maudlin hysterics; and three or four discontented patriotic dependants to abuse the ministry, and settle the affairs of the nation, when they are aw intoxicated; and then, sir, the fellow has aw his wishes, and aw his wants, in this world and the next.

Enter TOMLINS, R.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come, sir.

Sir P. And my lord?

Tom. Not yet, sir; he is about a mile behind, the servants say.

Sir P. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Sir P. Step you out, Charles, and receive Lady Rodolpha; and I desire you will treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible; for my lord has hinted that you have been very remiss as a lover. Adzooks, Charles, you should administer a whole torrent of flattery till her; for a woman ne'er thinks a mon loves her, till he has made an idiot of her understanding by flattery: flattery is the prime bliss of the sex, the nectar and ambrosia of their charms, and you can ne'er gi' 'em o'er muckle on't; so, there's a guid lad, gang and mind your flattery. [*Exit* EGERTON, R.] Hah! I must keep a devilish tight hand upon this fellow. Ah! I am frightened out of my wits, lest his mother's family should seduce him to desert to their party, which would totally ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart. A fine time of day for a blockhead to turn patriot—when the character is exploded, marked, proscribed! Why the common people, the vary vulgar, have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now-a-days, just as they do at a conjuror, a magician, or any other imposter in society.

Enter TOMLINS *and* LORD LUMBERCOURT, R.

Tom. Lord Lumbercourt. [*Exit*, R.

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir P. Your lordship's most devoted.

Lord L. Why, you stole a march upon me this morning; gave me the slip, Mac; though I never wanted your assistance more in my life. I thought you would have called upon me.

Sir P. My dear lord, I beg ten millions of pardons for leaving town before you; but ye ken that your lordship, at dinner yesterday, settled it that we should meet this morning at the levee.

Lord L. That I acknowledge, Mac; I did promise to be there, I own.

Sir P. You did, indeed; and accordingly I was at the levee, and waited their till every soul was gone,

and, seeing you did not come I concluded that your lordship was gone before.

Lord L. Why, to confess the truth, my dear Mac, those old sinners, Lord Freakish, General Jolly, Sir Anthony Soaker, and two or three more of that set laid hold of me last night at the opera; and, as the General says, 'from the intelligence of my head this morning,' I believe we drank pretty deep ere we parted; ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I do not wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee.

Lord L. The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee. Bur I wish I had seen you before you left town; I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir P. I am heartily sorry that I was not in the way; but on what account did you want me?

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! a cursed awkward affair—and —Ha, ha, ha!—yet I can't help laughing at it, neither, though it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir P. Vexed you, my lord! Zounds, I wish I had been with you! But, for heaven's sake, my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

Lord L. Why, that impudent, teasing, dunning rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer:—you know the fellow?

Sir P. Perfectly, my lord.

Lord L. The impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some damned kind a—something or other in the law, that I think they call an execution.

Sir P. The rascal!

Lord L. Upon which, sir, the fellow, by way of asking pardon—ha, ha, ha!—had the modesty to wait on me two or three days ago, to inform my honour—ha, ha, ha!—as he was pleased to dignify me, that the execution was now ready to be put in force against my honour; but that, out of respect to my honour, as he had taken a great deal of my honour's money, he would not suffer his lawyer to serve it, till he had first informed my honour, because he was not willing to affront my honour—ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. I never heard of so impudent a dog.

Lord L. Now, my dear Mac—ha, ha, ha!—as the scoundrel's apology was so very satisfactory, and his information so very agreeable, I told him that, in honour, I thought that my honour could not do less than to order his honour to be paid immediately.

Sir P. Vary weel, vary weel; you were as complaisant to the scoundrel till the full, I think, my lord.

Lord L. You shall hear, you shall hear, Mac:—no sir, with great composure, seeing a smart oaken cudgel that stood very handily in a corner of my dressing-room, I ordered two of my fellows to hold the rascal, and another to take the cudgel, and return the scoundrel's civility with a good drubbing, as long as the stick lasted.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! as good a stroke of humour as ever I heard of. And, did they drub him, my lord?

Lord L. Most liberally, most liberally, sir; and there I thought the affair would have rested, till I should think proper to pay the scoundrel; but this morning, just as I was stepping into my chaise, my servants about me, a fellow, called a tipstaff, stepped up, and begged the favour of my footman, who threshed the upholsterer, and of the two that held him, to go along with him upon a little business to my Lord Chief Justice.

Sir P. The devil!

Lord L. And at the same instant, I, in my turn, was accosted by two other very civil scoundrels, who, with a most insolent politeness, begged my pardon, and informed me that I must not go into my own chaise!

Sir P. How, my lord, not into your ain carriage?

Lord L. No, sir; for that they, by order of the sheriff, must seize it, at the suit of a gentlemen—one Mr. Mahogany, an upholsterer.

Sir P. An impudent villain!

Lord L. It is all true, I assure you; so you see, my dear Mac, what a damned country this is to live in, where noblemen are obliged to pay their debts just like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics—is not that a scandal, dear Mac, to this nation?

Sir P. My lord, it is not only a scandal, but a national grievance.

Lord L. Sir, there's not another nation in the world such a grievance to complain of.

Sir P. Vary true, my lord, vary true; and it is monstrous that a mon of your lordship's condition is not entitled to run one of these mechanics through the body, when he is impertinent about his money; but our laws shamefully, on these occasions, make no distinction of persons amongst us.

Lord L. A vile policy, indeed, Sir Pertinax. But,

sir, the scoundrel has seized upon the house, too, that I furnished for the girl I took from the opera.

Sir P. I never heard of sic a scoundrel.

Lord L. Ay, but what concerns me most, I am afraid, my dear Mac, that the villain will send down to Newmarket, and seize my string of horses.

Sir P. Your string of horses? zounds! we must prevent that at all events, that would be sic a disgrace. I will dispatch an express to town directly, to put a stop till the rascal's proceedings.

Lord L. Pr'ythee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. O! it shall be done, my lord.

Lord L. Thou art an honest fellow, Sir Pertinax, upon honour.

Sir P. O! my lord, it is my duty to oblige your lordship to the utmost stretch of my abeelity.

Enter TOMLINS, R.

Tom. (R.) Colonel Toper presents his compliments to you, sir, and having no family down with him in the country, he and Captain Hardbottle, if not inconvenient, will do themselves the honour of taking a family dinner with you.

Sir P. They are two of our militia officers—does your lordship know them?

Lord L. By sight only.

Sir P. I am afraid, my lord, they will interrupt our business.

Lord L. Not at all: I should be glad to be acquainted with Toper; they say he's a damned jolly fellow.

Sir P. O! devilish jolly, devilish jolly; he and the captain are the two hardest drinkers in the country.

Lord L. So I have heard; let us have them by all means, Mac; they will enliven the scene. How far are they from you?

Sir P. Just across the meadows; not half a mile, my lord; a step, a step.

Lord L. O! let's have the jolly dogs, by all means.

Sir P. My compliments—I shall be proud of their company. [*Exit* TOMLINS, R.] Guif you please, my lord, we will gang and chat a bit with the women: I have not seen Lady Rodolpha since she returned fra the Bath. I long to have a little news from her about the company there.

Lord L. (R.) O! she'll give you an account of them, I warrant you. [*Laughing, R. without*

Lady R. [*Without*, R.] Ha, ha, ha,! weel, I vow, cousin Egerton, you have a vast deal of shrewd humour. But, Lady Macsycophant, which way is Sir Pertinax?

Lady M. [*Without*, R.] Straight forward, madam.

Lord L. Here the hairbrain comes: it must be her by the noise.

Lady R. [*Without*, R.] Allons, gude folks; fallow me—sans ceremonie.

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, LADY MACSYCOPHANT, EGERTON, *and* SIDNEY, R.—EGERTON *crosses to* L.

Lady R. [*To* Sir P.] Sir Pertinax, your most devoted, most obsequious, most obedient vassal.

[*Curtsies very low.*

Sir P. [*Bowing formally.*] Lady Rodolpha, down till the ground, my congratulations and duty attend you; and I should rejoice to kiss your ladyship's footsteps.

Lady R. Oh! Sir Pertinax, your humeelity is most sublimely complaisant; at present unanswerable; but I shall intensely study to return it, fyfty fald.

Sir P. Your ladyship does me singular honour. Weel, madam; ha! you look gaily. Weel, and how, how is your ladyship after your jaunt till Bath?

Lady R. Never better, Sir Pertinax; as weel as youth, health, riotous spirits, and a careless happy heart can make me.

Sir P. I am mightily glad till hear it, my lady.

Lord L. Ay, ay; Rodolpha is always in spirits, Sir Pertinax. *Vive la bagatelle* is the philosophy of our family—ha, Rodolpha—ha?

Lady R. Traith it is, my lord; and upon honour, I am determined it shall never be changed with my consent. Weel, I vow—ha, ha, ha! *Vive la bagatelle* would be a most brilliant motto for the chariot of a belle of fashion. What say you till my fancy, Lady Macsycophant?

Lady M. It would have novelty, at least, to recommend it, madam.

Lady R. Which of aw charms is the most delightful that can accompany wit, taste, love, or friendship; for novelty I take to be the true *je ne sçai quoi* of all worldly bliss. Cousin Egerton, should not you like to have a wife with *Vive la bagatelle* upon her wedding chariot?

Eger. (L.) O! certainly, madam.

Lady R. Yes, I think it would be quite out of the common, and singularly ailegant.

Eger. Indisputably, madam; for as a motto is a word to the wise, or rather a broad hint to the whole world of a person's taste and principles, *Vive la bagatelle* would be most expressive, at first sight, of your ladyship's characteristic.

Lady R. [*Curtsies.*] Oh! Maister Egerton, you touch my very heart with your approbation—ha, ha, ha! —that is the vary spirit of my intention, the instant I commence bride. Weel! I am immensely proud that my fancy has the approbation of so sound an understanding, and so polished a taste, as that of the all-accomplished—[*Curtsies very low*]—Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. Weel, but, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted to ask your ladyship some questions about the company at the Bath; they say you had aw the world there.

Lady R. O, yes! there was a vary great mob there indeed, but vary little company. Aw canaille, except our ain party. The place was crowded with your little purse-proud mechanics; an odd kind of queer-looking animals, that have started intill fortune fra lottery-tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling in 'Change Alley, and sic like caprices of fortune; and away they aw crowd to the Bath, to learn genteelity, and the names, titles, intrigues, and bon-mots of us people of fashion—ha, ha, ha!

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! I know them; I know the things you mean, my dear, extremely well. I have observed them a thousand times, and wondered where the devil they all came from—ha, ha, ha!

Lady M. Pray, Lady Rodolpha, what were your diversions at Bath?

Lady R. Guid traith, my lady, the company were my diversion; and better nae human follies ever afford—ha, ha, ha!—sic on a mixture, and sic oddities! ha. ha, ha! a perfect gallimaufry. Lady Kunegunda M'Kenzie and I used to gang about till every part of this human chaos, on purpose to reconnoitre the monsters, and pick up their frivolities—ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! Why, that must have been a high entertainment till your ladyship.

Lady R. Superlative and inexhaustable, Sir Pertinax—ha, ha, ha!—Madam, we had, in one group, a peer and a sharper, a duchess and a pinmaker's wife, a boarding-school miss and her granmother, a fat par-

son, a lean general, and a yellow admiral—ha, ha, ha! aw speaking together, and bawling and wrangling in fierce contention, as if the fame and fortune of aw the parties were to be the issue of the conflict.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! pray, madam, what was the object of their contention?

Lady R. O! a vary important one, I assure you; of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost, or might have been saved.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady R. In another party, Sir Pertinax, ha, ha, ha! we had what was called the cabinet council, which was composed of a duke and a haberdasher, a red-hot patriot and a sneering courtier, a discarded statesman and his scribbling chaplain, with a busy, bawling, muckle-headed, prerogative lawyer; all of whom were every minute ready to gang together by the luggs, about the in and the out meenistry; ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is a droll motley cabinet, I vow.—Vary whimsical, upon honour. But they are all great politicians at Bath, and settle a meenistry there with as much ease as they do the tune of a country dance.

Lady R. Then, Sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room—in a bye corner—snug—we had a Jew and a bishop.

Sir P. A Jew and a bishop! ha, ha—a devilish guid connection that;—and pray, my lady, what were they about?

Lady R. Why, sir, the bishop was striving to convert the Jew; while the Jew, by intervals, was slily picking up inteligence fra the bishop, about the change in the meenistry, in hopes of making a stroke in the stocks.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! admirable! I honour the smouse! ha! it was devilish clever of him, my lord, devilish clever. The Jew distilling the bishop's brains.

Lord L. Yes, yes; the fellow kept a sharp look-out. I think it was a fair trial of skill on both sides, Mr. Egerton.

Eger. True, my lord; but the Jew seems to have been in the fairer way to succeed.

Lord L. O! all to nothing, sir; ha, ha, ha! Well, child, I like your Jew and your bishop much. It's devil-

ish clever. Let us have the rest of the history, pray, my dear.

Lady R. Guid traith, my lord, the sum total is—that there we aw danced, and wrangled, and flattered, and slandered, and gambled, and cheated, and mingled, and jumbled together, even like the animal assembly in Noah's ark.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are a droll girl, Rodolpha: and, upon my honour, ha, ha, ha! you have given us as whimsical a sketch as ever was hit off. What say you, Mr. Sidney?

Sid. Upon my word, my lord, the lady has made me see the whole assembly in distinct colours.

Lady R. O! Maister Sidney, your approbation makes me as vain as a reigning toast before her looking-glass.

Enter TOMLINS, R.

Tom. Colonel Toper and Captain Hardbottle are come, sir.

Sir P. O! vary weel. Dinner directly.

Tom. It is ready, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Sir P. My lord, we attend your lordship.

Lord L. Lady Mac, your ladyship's hand, if you please. [*Exit with* LADY M. R.

Sir P. And here, Lady Rodolpha, is an Arcadian swain that has a hand at your ladyship's devotion.

Lady R. [*Giving her hand to Egerton.*] And I, sir, have one at his. There, sir: as to hearts, ye ken, cousin, they are not brought into the account of human dealings now-a-days.

Eger. O! madam, they are mere temporary baubles, especialy in courtship; and no more to be depended upon than the weather, or a lottery ticket.

Lady R. Ha, ha, ha!—twa excellent similes, I vow, Mr. Egerton.—Excellent, for they illustrate the vagaries and inconstancy of my dissipated heart, as exactly as if you had meant to describe it.

[*Exit with* EGERTON, R.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! what a vast fund of spirits and guid humour she has, Maister Sidney.

Sid. A great fund, indeed, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Come, let us till dinner.—Hah! by this time to-morrow, Maister Sidney, I hope we shall have every thing ready for you to put the last hand till the happiness of your friend and pupil; and then, sir, my cares

will be over for this life; for as to my other son, I expect nae guid of him, nor should I grieve, were I to see him in his coffin:—but this match—O! it will make me the happiest of aw human beings. [*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter SIR PERTINAX *and* EGERTON, R.

Sir P. Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it you are wrong; you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty, till oblige him.

Eger. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yes, you did; but how, how?—just as a bairn takes physic—with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a drunken dispute aboot religion, you slily slunged away.

Eger. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half pint bumpers.

Sir P. Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink oot of sma' glasses.

Eger. But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose to drink any more.

Sir P. But, zoons! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking mair.

Eger. A necessity! in what respect pray, sir?

Sir P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage—aboot which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble—and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir P. Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have contributed, to assist me.

Eger. How so, sir!

Sir P. Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely; for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bon-mots, when you are in the humour; and guin you had but stayed, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it, among ourselves, before the lawyers came: but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence.

Eger. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir?

Sir P. The most seasonable, sir: for, sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship; and, sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend?—What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

Eger. At my own ignorance, sir: for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P. I know you do not, sir; and, what is worse, you never will understand it, as you proceed:—in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar: why, you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune—and how do you think I raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir P. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead: nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it:—sir, I raised it—by booing—[*Bows very low*]—by booing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P. How do I mean by instinct!—Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallable influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine, by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallable nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir; sit ye down then, sit you down here; [*They sit*, c.]—and now, sir, you must recall to your thoughs, that your grandfather was a man, whose penurious income of captain's half pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly council; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials, I set out, a raw-boned stripling, fra the North, to try my fortune with them here, in the Sooth; and my first step into the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here, in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse: weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night; and marked every man, and every mode of prosperity; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it: now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty!—ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart; and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally, a—proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed.

Sir P. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and, in its stead, sir, mark!—I looked out for an ancient, weel-

jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicy, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainy thing, ainy thing that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north-star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Eger. O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir P. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller?—nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies—nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, independant, bradlonian, and muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and all the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir P. O, numbers, numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth, constantly, morning and evening, at the Tabernacle at Moorfields: and as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week—married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month;—touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again;—and this, sir, was the first boo—that is, the first effectual boo—I ever made till the vanity of human nature.—[*Rise.*]—Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Eger. (c.) Perfectly well, sir.

Sir P. (R. C.) Ay, but was it not right? was it not in genious, and weel hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir: extremely well.

Sir P. My next boo, sir, was till till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school: by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my very next step was intill parliament; the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booed, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence, and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them: ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses: till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier mon than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a booing to: and was nae that booing to some purpose?

Eger. It was, indeed, sir.

Sir P. But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booing?

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus booing, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heart-sores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeeleties. Sir, gnin I could but have spoken in the hoose, I should have done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I detearmined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan: I have done my part of it; Nature has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent, aw parties like and respect you: and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

Eger. Your liberality, sir, in my education, are obligations I shall ever remember with the deepest filial gratitude.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir: but, Charles, have you had any conversation yet with Lady Rodolpha, about the day of your marriage—your liveries—your equipage—or your domestic estayblishment?

Eger. Not yet, sir.

Sir P. Poh! why there again, now, you are wrong—vary wrong.

Eger. Sir, we have not had an opportunity.

Sir P. Why, Charles, you are very tardy in this business.

Lord L. [*Sings without,* R. *flushed with wine.*] 'What have we with day to do?'

Sir P. Oh, here comes my lord.

Lord L. 'Sons of care, 'twas made for you.'

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT, R. *drinking a cup of coffee;* TOMLINS *attending him.*

'Sons of care, 'twas made for you.' Very good coffee, indeed, Mr. Tomlins, (R.) 'Sons of care, 'twas made for you.' Here, Mr. Tomlins.

Tom. (R.) Will your lordship please to have another dish?

Lord L. (R. C.) No more, Mr. Tomlins.—[*Exit* TOMLINS, R.]—Ha, ha, ha, my host of the Scotch pints, we have had warm work.

Sir P. Yes, you pushed the bottle about, my lord, with the joy and vigour of a bacchanal.

Lord L. That I did, my dear Mac; no loss of time with me: I have but three motions, old boy, charge—toast—fire—and off we go: ha, ha, ha! that's my exercise. [EGERTON *goes* L.

Sir P. And fine warm exercise it is, my lord, especially with half-pint glasses.

Lord L. Zounds! it does execution point blank: ay, ay, none of your pimping acorn glasses for me, but your manly, old English half-pint bumpers, my dear: they try a fellow's stamina at once: but where's Egerton?

Sir P. Just at hand, my lord; there he stands.

Lord L. My dear Egerton.

Eger. (L. C.) Your lordship's most obedient.

Lord L. I beg pardon, I did not see you; I am sorry you left us so soon after dinner: had you stayed, you would have been highly entertained. I have made such examples of the commissioner, the captain, and the colonel.

Eger. So I understand, my lord.

Lord L. But, Egerton, I have slipped from the company for a few moments, on purpose to have a little chat with you. Rodolpha tells me she fancies there is a kind of demur on your side, about your marriage with her.

Sir P. A demur! how so, my lord?

Lord L. Why, as I was drinking my coffee with the ladies just now, I desired they would fix the wedding-day, and the etiquette of the ceremony; upon which the girl burst into a loud laugh, telling me she supposed I was joking, for that Mr. Egerton had never yet given her a single glance or hint upon the subject.

Sir P. My lord, I have been just now talking to him about his shyness to the lady.

Enter TOMLINS, R.

Tom. Counsellor Plausible is come, sir, and Sergeant Eitherside.

Sir P. Why then we can settle the business this very evening, my lord.

Lord L. As well as in seven years; and, to make the way as short as possible, pray, Mr. Tomlins, present your master's compliments and mine to Lady Rodolpha, and let her ladyship know we wish to speak with her directly.—[*Exit* TOMLINS, L.]—He shall attack her this instant, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. (C.) Ay, this is doing business effectually, my lord.

Lord L. (C.) O! I will pit them in a moment, Sir Pertinax; that will bring them into the heat of the action at once, and save a great deal of awkwardness on both sides. O, here your dulcinea comes, sir.

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, R. *singing.*

Lady R. (R.) Weel, Sir Pertinax, I attend your commands, and yours (C.), my paternal lord.—[LADY R. *curtsies very low.*]

Lord L. Why then, my filial lady, we are to inform you that the commission for your ladyship and this enamoured cavalier, commanding you to serve your country, jointly and inseparably, in the honourable and forlorn hope of matrimony, is to be signed this very evening.

Lady R. (R.) This evening, my lord!

Lord L. This evening, my lady. Come, Sir Pertinax, let us leave them to settle their liveries, wedding-suits, carriages, and all their amorous equipage for the nuptial campaign.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! excellent! excellent! Weel, I vow, my lord, you are a great officer:—this is as guid

a manœuvre to bring on a rapid engagement as the ablest general of them a' could have started.

Lord L. Ay, ay! leave them together; they'll soon come to a right understanding, I warrant you, or the needle and loadstone have lost their sympathy.

[*Exit with* SIR PERTINAX, R.—LADY RODOLPHA *stands* R. *in amazement.*

Eger. [L. *Aside.*] What a dilemma am I in!

Lady R. [*Aside.*] Why, this is downright tyranny! it has quite damped my spirits; and my betrothed, yonder, seems planet-struck, too, I think.

Eger. [*Aside.*] A whimsical situation, mine.

Lady R. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha! methinks we look like a couple of cautious generals, that are obliged to take the field, but neither of whom seems willing to come till action.

Eger. [*Aside.*] I protest I know not how to address her.

Lady R. [*Aside.*] He will nae advance, I see: what am I to do in this affair? guid traith, I will even do, as I suppose many brave heroes have done before me—clap a guid face on the matter; and so conceal an aching heart under a swaggering countenance.—[*She advances with a smothered laugh.*]—Sir, as we have, by the commands of our guid fathers, a business of some little consequence to transact, I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty of recommending a chair till you, for the repose of your body, in the embarrassed deliberation of your perturbed spirits.

Eger. [*Much embarrassed.*] Madam, I beg your pardon.—[*Hands her a chair, then one for himself.*]—Please to sit, madam.—[*They sit down with great ceremony: he sits at a distance from her.*

Lady R. [*Aside.*] Aha! he's resolved not to come too near till me, I think.

Eger. [*Aside.*] A pleasant interview this—hem, hem!

Lady R. [*Aside, mimicking.*] Hem! he will not open the congress, I see: then I will.—Come, sir, when will you begin?

Eger. [*Surprised.*] Begin! what, madam?

Lady R. To make love till me.

Eger. Love, madam!

Lady R. Ay, love, sir. Why, you have never said a word till me on the subject, nor cast a single glance at me, nor heaved one tender sigh, nor even secretly

squeezed my loof: now, sir, th'of our fathers are so tyrannical as to dispose of us without the consent of our hearts, yet you, sir, I hope, have more humanity than to think of marrying me without administering some of the preliminaries usual on those occasions.

Eger. Madam, I own your reproach is just; I shall, therefore, no longer disguise my sentiments, but fairly let you know my heart. [*Rises.*

Lady R. [*Rising.*] That's right, that is right, cousin!—but sit you down, sit you down again;—[*They sit.*]—I shall return your frankness and your passion, cousin, with a melting tenderness equal till the amorous enthusiasm of an ancient heroine.

Eger. Madam, if you will hear me—

Lady R. But remember, you must begin with fervency, and a most rapturous vehemency; for you are to consider, cousin, that our match is nae to arise fra the union of hearts and a long decorum of ceremonious courtship, but is instantly to start at once, out of necessity, or mere accident—ha, ha, ha!—like a match in an ancient romance, where, you ken, cousin, the knight and the damsel are mutually smitten and dying for each other at first sight, or by an amorous sympathy, before they exchange a single glance. So now cousin, with the true romantic enthusiasm, you are to suppose me the lady of the enchanted castle; and you—ha, ha, ha! you are to be the knight of the sorrowful countenance—ha, ha, ha!—and, upon honour, you look the character admirably—ha, ha, ha!

Eger. Trifling creature!

Lady R. Come, sir, why do you nae begin to ravish me with your valour, your vows, your knight-errantry, and your amorous frenzy?—Nay, nay, nay! guin you do nae begin at once, the lady of the enchanted castle will vanish in a twinkling.

Eger. [*Rises.*] Lady Rodolpha, I know your talent for raillery well;—[*She rises*]—but at present, in my case, there is a kind of cruelty in it.

Lady R. Raillery! upon honour, cousin, you mistake me quite and clean. I am serious, very serious; ay, and I have cause to be serious; nay, I will submit my case even to yourself. Can any puir lassie be in a mair lamentable condition, than to be sent four hundred miles, by the command of a positive grandmother, to marry a man who, I find, has no more affection for me than if I had been his wife these seven years?

Eger. Madam, I am extremely sorry—

Lady R. [*Weeps.*] But it is vara weel, cousin—I see your unkindness and aversion plain enough; and, sir, I must tell you fairly, you are the ainly man that ever slighted my person, or that drew tears fra these een.—But it is vara weel, it's vara weel; I weel return till Scotland to-morrow morning, and let my grandmother know how I hae been affronted by your slights, your contempts, and your aversions.

Eger. If you are serious, madam, your distress gives me a deep concern; but affection is not in our power, and you will forgive me when I tell you, I can never have that honour which is intended me, by a connexion with your ladyship.

Lady R. How, sir—are you serious? And so you persist in slighting me?

Eger. I beg your pardon, madam: but I must be explicit, and at once declare, that I never can give my hand where I cannot give my heart.

Lady R. [*Angrily.*] Why, then, sir, I must tell you, that your declaration is sic an affront as nae woman of spirit can, or ought to bear; and here I make a solemn vow, never to pardon it but on one condition.

Eger. If that condition be in my power, madam—

Lady R. [*Eagerly.*] Sir, it is in your power.

Eger. Then, madam, you may command me.

Lady R. [*In a peremptory tone.*] Why, then, sir, the condition is this, you must here give me your word and honour, that nae importunity, command, or menace of your father—in fine, that nae consideration whatsoever, shall induce you to take me, Rodolpha Lumbercourt, to be your wedded wife.

Eger. I most solemnly promise I never will.

Lady R. And I, sir, most solemnly and sincerely—[*Curtsies*]—thank you for—[*Curtsies*]—your resolution, and your agreeable aversion—ha, ha, ha! for you have made me as happy as a puir wretch reprieved in the vara instant of intended execution.

Eger. Pray, madam, how am I to understand all this?

Lady R. Why, sir, your frankness and sincerity demand the same behaviour on my side; therefore, without further disguise or ambiguity, know, sir, that I myself—[*With a deep sigh*]—am as deeply smitten with a certain swain, as I understand you are with your Constantia.

Eger. Indeed, madam!

Lady R. O! sir, notwithstanding a' my show of courage and mirth, here I stand as errant a trembling Thisbe as ever sighed or mourned for her Pyramus: and, sir, a' my extravagant levity and ridiculous behaviour in your presence now, and ever since your father prevailed upon mine to consent till this match, has been a premeditated scheme to provoke your gravity and guid sense intill a cordial disgust, and a positive refusal.

Eger. But, madam, if I may presume so far, pray, who is your lover?

Lady R. Why, in that, too, I shall surprise you, perhaps, more than ever. In the first place, he is a beggar, and in disgrace with an unforgiving father; and, in the next place, he is—[*Curtsies*]—your ain brother.—So you see, cousin Charles, th'of I cou'd nae mingle affections with you, I have nae ganged out of the family.—But now, sir, let me ask one question—pray, how is your mither affected in this business?

Eger. She knows of my passion, and will, I am sure, be a friend to the common cause.

Lady R. Ah, that's lucky. Our first step then must be to take her advice upon our conduct, so as to keep our fathers in the dark till we can hit off some measure that will wind them about till our ain purpose, and the common interest of our ain passion; so come along, cousin Charles. [*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter SIR PERTINAX *and* COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE, R.

Sir P. (R. C.) No, no.—Come away, Counsellor Plausible, come away, I say,—let them chew upon it. Why, counsellor, did you ever see so impertinent, so meddling, and so obstinate a blockhead as that Serjeant Eitherside? Confound the fellow, he has put me out of a' temper.

Plaus. (R. C.) He is very positive, indeed, Sir Pertinax: and no doubt was intemperate and rude. But,

Sir Pertinax, I would not break off the match notwithstanding, for certainly, even without the boroughs, it is an advantageous bargain both to you and your son.

Sir P. (c.) But, zounds! Plausible, do you think I will give up the nomination till three boroughs? Why, I would rather give him twenty, nay, thirty thousand pounds in any other part of the bargain:—especially at this juncture, when votes are likely to become so valuable. Why, man, if a certain affair comes on, they will rise above five hundred *per cent.*

Plaus. You judge very rightly, Sir Pertinax; but what shall we do in this case? for Mr. Serjeant insists that you positively agreed to my lord's having the nomination to the three boroughs during his own life.

Sir P. Why, yes: in the first sketch of the agreement, I believe I did consent; but at that time, mon, my lord's affairs did not appear to be half so desperate as I now find they turn out. Sir, he must acquiesce in whatever I demand, for I have got him into sic an hobble that he cannot——

Plaus. No doubt, Sir Pertinax, you have him absolutely in your power.

Sir P. Vara weel; and ought nae a man to make his vantage of it?

Plaus. No doubt you ought; no manner of doubt. But, Sir Pertinax, there is a secret spring in this business that you do not seem to perceive; and which, I am afraid, governs the matters respecting these boroughs.

Sir P. What spring do you mean, counsellor?

Plaus. Why, this Serjeant Eitherside: I have some reason to think, that my lord is tied down, by some means or other, to bring the Serjeant in, the very first vacancy, for one of these boroughs; now that, I believe, is the sole motive why the Serjeant is so strenuous that my lord should keep the boroughs in his own power; fearing that you might reject him for some man of your own.

Sir P. Odswounds and death! Plausible, you are clever, devilish clever. By the blood, you have hit upon the vara string that has made a' this discord. Oh! I see it—I see it now. But hauld—hauld—bide a wee bit, a wee bit, mon; I have a thought come intill my head—yes—I think, Plausible, with a little twist in our negociation, that this vara string, properly tuned, may be still made to produce the vara harmony we wish for. Yes, yes, I have it:—this Serjeant, I see, understands business; and, if I am not mistaken knows how to take a hint.

Plaus. O! nobody better, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Why, then, Plausible, the short road is the best with sic a man. You must even come up till his mark at once, and assure him from me that I will secure him a seat for one of these vary boroughs.

Plaus. Oh! that will do, that will do, I'll answer for't.

Sir P. And further, I beg you will let him know that I think myself obliged to consider him, in this affair, as acting for me as weel as my lord, as a common friend till baith; and for the services he has already done us, make my special compliments till him: and, pray let this amicable bit of paper be my faithful advocate to convince him of what my gratitude further intends for his great—[*Gives him a bank-note*]—equity in adjusting this agreement betwixt my lord and me.

Plaus. Ha, ha, ha!—upon my word, Sir Pertinax, this is noble. Ay, ay! this is an eloquent bit of paper, indeed.

Sir P. Maister Plausible, in a' human dealings, the most effectual method is that of ganging at once till the vara bottom of a mon's heart; for, if we expect that men should serve us, we must first win their affections by serving them. O! here they baith come.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT *and* SERJEANT EITHERSIDE, R.

Lord L. (C.) My dear Sir Pertinax, what could provoke you to break off this business so abruptly? You are really wrong in the point; and, if you will give yourself time to recollect, you will find that my having the nomination to the boroughs for my life, was a preliminary article; I appeal to Mr. Serjeant Eitherside here, whether I did not always understand it so.

Serj. (R. C.) I assure you, Sir Pertinax, that in all his lordship's conversation with me upon this business, and in his positive instructions, both and he and I always understood the nomination to be in my lord, *durante vita.*

Sir P. (L. C.) Why, then, my lord, to shorten the dispute, a' that I can say in answer till your lordship is, that there has been a total mistake betwixt us in that point: and, therefore, the treaty must end here. I give it up. O! I wash my hands of it for ever.

Plaus. (R.) Well, but, gentlemen, gentlemen, a little patience. Sure, this mistake, somehow or other, may be rectified. Pr'ythee, Mr. Serjeant, let you and I step into the next room by ourselves, and re-consider the

clause relative to the boroughs, and try if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serj. [*With great warmth*, R.] Mr. Plausible, I have considered the clause fully—am entirely master of the question; my lord cannot give up the point. It's unkind and unreasonable to expect it.

Plaus. (R. C.) Nay, Mr. Serjeant, I beg you will not misunderstand me. Do not think I want his lordship to give up any point without an equivalent. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Serjeant and me to retire a few moments to re-consider this point?

Sir P. With a' my heart, Maister Plausible; any thing to oblige his lordship—anything to accommodate his lordship—anything.

Plaus. What say you, my lord?

Lord L. Nay, I submit it entirely to you and Mr. Serjeant.

Plaus. Come, Mr. Serjeant, let us retire.

Lord L. Ay, ay; go, Mr. Serjeant, and hear what Mr. Plausible has to say.

Serj. Nay, I'll wait on Mr. Plausible, my lord, with all my heart; but I am sure I cannot suggest the shadow of a reason for altering my present opinion:—impossible, impossible.

Plaus. [*Pulls* EITHERSIDE *to* R. *and shows him the bank-note.*] Well, well, Mr. Serjeant, do not be positive. I am sure, reason and your client's conveniency will always make you alter your opinion.

Serj. Ay, ay—reason and my client's conveniency, Mr. Plausible, will always controul my opinion, depend upon it—ay, ay! there you are right, Sir;—I attend you. [*Exeunt Lawyers*, R.

Sir P. I am sorry, my lord, extremely sorry, indeed, that this mistake has happened.

Lord L. Upon my honour, and so am I, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. But come, now, after a', your lordship must allow you have been in the wrong: come, my dear lord, you must allow me that now.

Lord L. How so, my dear Sir Pertinax?

Sir P. Not about the boroughs, my lord; for those I do not mind of a bawbee; but about your distrust of my friendship.—Why, do you think, now—I appeal till your own ain breast, my lord—do you think, I say, that I should ever have slighted your lordship's nomination till these boroughs?

Lord L. (c.) Why, really, I do not think you would, Sir Pertinax; but one must be directed by one's lawyer, you know.

Sir P. (c.) Ha! my lord, lawyers are a dangerous species of animals to have any dependence upon: they are always starting punctilios and difficulties among friends. Why, my lord, it is their interest that a' mankind should be at variance; for disagreement of every kind is the vara manure with which they enrich and fatten the land of litigation; and, as they find that that constantly promotes the best crop, depend upon it, they will always be sure to lay it on as thick as they can.

Lord L. Come, come, my dear Sir Pertinax, you must not be angry with the Serjeant for his insisting so warmly on this point—for those boroughs, you know, are my sheet-anchor.

Sir P. I know it, my lord; and, as an instance of my promptness to study, and of my acquaintance till your lordship's inclination, as I see that this Serjeant Eitherside wishes you weel, and you of him, I think, now, he would be as guid a man to be returned for one of those boroughs as could be pitched upon; and, as such, I humbly recommend him till your lordship's consideration.

Lord L. Why, my dear Sir Pertinax, to tell you the truth, I have already promised him. He must be in for one of them, and that is one reason why I insisted so strenuously; he must be in.

Sir P. And why not? odswunds! why not? is nae your word a fiat? and will it nae be always so till me? are ye nae my friend, my patron—and are we nae, by this match of our children, to be united intil one interest?

Lord L. So I understand it, I own, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. My lord, it can nae be otherwise; then, for Heaven's sake, as your lordship and I can have but one interest for the future, let us have nae mair words about these paltry boroughs, but conclude the agreement just as it stands: otherwise there must be new writings drawn up, new consultations of lawyers; new objections and delays will arise; creditors will be impatient and impertinent, so that we shall nae finish the Lord knows when.

Lord L. You are right, you are right; say no more, Mac, say no more. Split the lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster Hall could. It shall

stand as it is: yes, you shall settle it your own way; for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly.

Sir P. No doubt of it, my lord.

Lord L. O! here the lawyers come.

Enter COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE *and* SERJEANT EITHERSIDE, R.

Lord L. (C.) So, gentlemen—Well, what have you done?—How are your opinions now?

Serj. (R.) My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me—fully convinced me.

Plaus. (R. C.) Yes, my lord, I have convinced him; I have laid such arguments before Mr. Serjeant as were irresistible.

Serj. He has, indeed, my lord; besides, as Sir Pertinax gives his honour that your lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed, why, upon a nearer review of the whole matter, I think it will be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn.

Lord L. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Serjeant, because that is my opinion, too: so, my dear Eitherside, do you and Mr. Plausible dispatch the business now as soon as possible.

Serj. My lord, everything will be ready in less than an hour. Come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.

Plaus. I attend you, Mr. Serjeant.

[*Exeunt Lawyers,* R.

Lord L. And, while the lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the ladies.

Sir P. Do, do, my lord; and I will come to you presently.

Lord L. Very well, my dear Mac; I shall expect you.

[*Exit,* R.

Sir P. So! a little flattery, mixed with the finesse of a gilded promise on one side, and a quantum sufficit of the aurum palpabile on the other, have at last made me the happiest father in Great Britain. Ha! my heart expands itself, as it were, through every part of my whole body, at the completion of this business, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation.—Hauld! hauld! bide a wee—bide a wee! I have but one little matter mair in this affair to adjust; and then, Sir Pertinax, you may dictate till fortune herself, and send her to

govern fools! while you show and convince the world that wise men always govern her. Wha's there?

Enter SAM, R.

Tell my son, Egerton, I would speak with him here in the library. [*Exit* SAM, R.] Now I have settled the grand point with my lord, this, I think, is the proper juncture to feel the political pulse of my spark, and, once for a', to set it to the exact measure that I would have it constantly beat.

Enter EGERTON, R.

Come hither, Charles.

Eger. (R. C.) Your pleasure, sir.

Sir P. (C.) About twa hours since I told you, Charles, that I received a letter express, complaining of your brother's activity at an election in Scotland, against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence; and, sir, you are mentioned in the letter as well as he; to be plain, I must roundly tell you, that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man; and my affection to you, sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

Eger. I hope, sir, I shall never do anything either to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

Sir P. I hope so, too: but to the point. The fact is this: there has been a motion made this vara day to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday seven-night. Now, sir, as you are popular, have talents, and are weel heard, it is expected, and I insist upon it, that you endeavour to atone, sir, for your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a larger share in that question, and supporting it with a' your power.

Eger. Sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence, as to insist upon my supporting a measure by an obvious prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character and conscience.

Sir P. Conscience! why, you are mad! Did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters? Conscience, quotha! I have been in parliament these three and thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it. [*Crosses to* R.

Eger. Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that you work against my nature; you would connect me with

men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor; for know, sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men, I detest.

Sir P. (R. C.) What are you about, sir? malignant ferment and venal ambition! Sir, every man should be ambitious to serve his country, and every man should be rewarded for it: and pray, sir, would nae you wish to serve your country? Answer me that. I say, would nae you wish to serve your country?

Eger. (C.) Only show me how I can serve my country, and my life is her's. Were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and to deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes; or could my eloquence pull down a state leviathan, mighty by the plunder of his country, black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to a free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit!

Sir P. Why, are you mad, sir? you have certainly been bit by some mad Whig or other. Oh! you are young, vara young in these matters; but experience will convince you, sir, that every man in public business has twa consciences—a religious and a political conscience. Why, you see a merchant now, or a shopkeeper, that kens the science o' the world, always looks upon an oath at a custom-house, or behind a counter, only as an oath in business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that has nothing to do with religion; and just so it is at an election: for instance, now, I am a candidate, pray observe, and I gang till a periwig-maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twenty, or thraty guineas, for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose: and so on, through a majority of voters. Vara weel, what is the consequence?—Why, this commercial intercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us—a commercial friendship—and, in a day or twa, these men gang and give their suffrages; weel, what is the inference? Pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, ca' this a bribe?—Nae, sir, in fair political reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the one side, and gratitude on the other; so, sir, let me have nae more of your religious or philosophical refinements, but prepare, attend, and speak till the question, or you are nae son of mine. Sir, I insist upon it.

Enter SAM, R.

Sam. (R.) Sir, my lord says the writings are now ready, and his lordship and the lawyers are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. (R.) Vara weel, we'll attend his lordship.—[*Exit* SAM, R.]—Come, sir, let us gang down and finish this business.

Eger. (R.) [*Stopping* SIR P.] Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear a word or two upon this subject.

Sir P. (C.) Weel, sir, what would you say?

Eger. (R. C.) I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match——

Sir P. How, sir?

Eger. But my respect, and fear of disobliging you, have hitherto kept me silent.

Sir P. Your aversion!—your aversion, sir! How dare you use sic language to me? Your aversion!—Look ye, sir, I shall cut the matter vara short: consider, my fortune is nae inheritance—a' mine ain acquisition; I can make ducks and drakes of it: so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly. [*Goes,* R.

Eger. I beg your pardon, sir, but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir P. How! another woman? and, you villain, how dare you love another woman without my leave? But what other woman?—what is she?—Speak, sir, speak.

Eger. Constantia.

Sir P. Constantia! oh, you profligate!—what, a creature taken in for charity!

Eger. Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune: her birth is equal to the noblest; therefore, sir——

Sir P. Hand your jabbering, you villain, haud your jabbering; none of your romance or refinement till me. I have but one question to ask you—but one question, and then I have done with you for ever—for ever—therefore, think before you answer—will you marry the lady, or will you break my heart?

Eger. Sir, my presence shall not offend you any longer; but when reason and reflection take their turn, I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for this unparental passion. [*Going,* L.

Sir P. Tarry, I command you; and I command you, likewise, not to stir till you have given me an answer, a definite answer:—will you marry the lady, or will you not?

Eger. Since you command me, sir, know, then, that I cannot, will not marry her. [*Exit*, L.

Sir P. [*Throws himself in a chair in a furious passion—then rises and stands*, C.] Oh, the villain has shot me through the head! he has cut my vitals! I shall run distracted! the fellow destroys a' my measures, a' my schemes: there never was sic a bargain as I have made with this foolish lord: possession of his whole estate, with three boroughs upon it—six members. Why, what an acquisition! what consequence, what dignity, what weight till the house of Macsycophant! O, damn the fellow!—three boroughs, only for sending down six broomsticks!—O, miserable—O, miserable, ruined, undone! For these five-and-twenty years, ever since this fellow came intil the world, have I been secretly preparing him for ministerial dignity; and, with the fellow's eloquence, abilities, popularity, these boroughs, and proper connexions, he might certainly, in a little time, have done the deed; and sure never were times so favourable—every thing conspires, for a' the auld political post-horses are broken-winded and foundered, and cannot get on; and as till the rising generation, the vanity of surpassing one another in what they foolishly call taste and elegance, binds them hand and foot in the chains of luxury, which will always set them up till the best bidder; so that, if they can but get wherewithal to supply their dissipation, a minister may convert the political morals of a' sic voluptuaries intil a vote that would sell the nation till Prester John, and their boasted liberties till the great Mogul.

[*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter SIR PERTINAX *and* BETTY HINT, R.

Sir P. (C.) Come this way, Betty—come this way: you are a guid girl, and I will reward you for this discovery. Oh, the villain! offer her marriage!

Betty. (c.) It is true, indeed, sir,—I would not tell your honour a lie for the world; but, in truth, it lay upon my conscience, and I thought it my duty to tell your worship.

Sir P. You are right, you are right; it was your duty to tell me, and I'll reward you for it. But you say Maister Sidney is in love with her, too; pray how came you by that intelligence?

Betty. O, sir, I know when folks are in love, let them strive to hide it as much as they will. I know it by Mr. Sidney's eyes, when I see him stealing a sly look at her—by his trembling—his breathing short—his sighing when they are reading together. Besides, sir, he has made love-verses upon her, in praise of her virtue, and her playing upon the music. Ay! and I suspect another thing, sir—she has a sweetheart, if not a husband, not far from hence.

Sir P. Wha—Constantia?

Betty. Ay, Constantia, sir. Lord, I can know the whole affair, sir, only for sending over to Hadley, to farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Then send this instant, and get me a particular account of it.

Betty. That I will, sir.

Sir P. In the mean time, keep a strict watch upon Constantia, and be sure you bring me word of whatever new matter you can pick up about her, my son, or this Hadley husband or sweetheart.

Betty. Never fear, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Sir P. This love of Sidney's for Constantia is not unlikely. There is something promising in it. Yes, I think it is nae impossible to convert it into a special and immediate advantage. It is but trying. Wha's there? If it misses, I am but where I was.

Enter TOMLINS, L.

Where is Maister Sidney?

Tom. In the dining-room, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Tell him I would speak with him. [*Exit* TOMLINS, L.] 'Tis more than probable. Spare to speak and spare to speed. Try—try—always try the human heart; try is as good a maxim in politics as in war. Why, suppose this Sidney now should be privy till his friend Charles's love for Constantia—what then?—guid traith, it is natural to think that his ain love will demand the preference—ay, and obtain it, too. Yes, self—self is

an eloquent advocate on these occasions, and seldom loses his cause. I hae the general principle of human nature at least to encourage me in the experiment; for only make it a man's interest to be a rascal, and I think we may safely depend upon his integrity—in serving himself.

Enter SIDNEY, L.

Sid. (L. C.) Sir Pertinax, your servant:—Mr. Tomlins told me you desired to speak with me.

Sir P. (C.) Yes, I wanted to speak with you upon a vara singular business. Maister Sidney, give me your hand. Guin it did nae look like flattery, which I detest, I would tell you, Maister Sidney, that you are an honour till your cloth, your country, and till human nature.

Sid. Sir, you are very obliging.

Sir P. Sit you down, Maister Sidney; sit you down here by me. [*They sit.*] My friend, I am under the greatest obligations till you for the care you have taken of Charles. The principles, religious, moral, and political, that you have infused intil him, demand the warmest return of gratitude both fra him and fra me.

Sid. Your approbation, sir, next to that of my own conscience, is the best test of my endeavours, and the highest applause they can receive.

Sir P. Sir, you deserve it, richly deserve it. And now, sir, the same care that you have had of Charles, the same my wife has taken of her favourite, Constantia—and sure, never were accomplishments, knowledge, or principles, social and religious, infused intil a better nature.

Sid. In truth, sir, I think so, too.

Sir P. She is, besides, a gentlewoman, and of as guid a family as any in this country.

Sid. So I understand, sir.

Sir P. Sir, her father had a vast estate; the which he dissipated and melted in feastings, and friendships, and charities, and hospitalities, and sic kind of nonsense—but to the business. Maister Sidney, I love you—yes, I love you—and I have been looking out and contriving how to settle you in the world. Sir, I want to see you comfortably and honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family; and guin you were mine ain son a thousand times, I cou'd nae make a more valuable present till you for that purpose, as a partner for life,

than this same Constantia, with sic a fortune down with her as you yourself shall deem to be competent, and an assurance of every canonical contingency in my power to confer or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly; but, though the highest station would derive lustre from Constantia's charms and worth, yet—were she more amiable than love could paint her in the lover's fancy—and wealthy beyond the thirst of the miser's appetite—I could not, would not wed her. [*Rises.*

Sir P. Not wed her!—odswunds, man!—you surprise me! Why so—what hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal, but, briefly and finally, it cannot be; nor is it a subject I can long converse upon.

Sir P. Weel, weel, weel, sir, I have done, I have done. [SIDNEY *sits down.*] Sit you down, man; sit you down again; sit you down; I shall mention it no more;—not but I must confess honestly till you, friend Sidney, that the match, had you consented to my proposal, besides profiting you, would have been of singular service till me likewise. However, you may still serve me as effectually as if you had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will, most heartily.

Sir P. I believe it, friend Sidney, and I thank you: I have nae friend to depend upon but yourself. My heart is almost broke—I cannot help these tears—and, to tell you the fact at once, your friend Charles is struck with a most dangerous malady—a kind of insanity—you see I cannot help weeping when I think of it—in short, this Constantia, I am afraid, has cast an evil eye upon him. Do you understand me?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir P. Why, he is grievously smitten with the love of her; and, I am afraid, will never be cured without a little of your assistanee.

Sid. Of my assistance! pray, sir, in what manner?

Sir P. In what manner?—Lord, Maister Sidney, how can you be so dull? Now, then, my vara guid friend guin you would but give him that hint, and take an opportunity to speak a good word for him intil the wench and guin you wou'd likewise cast about a little, now and contrive to bring them together once; why, in a few days after, he would nae care a pinch of snuff for her. [SIDNEY *starts up.*] What is the matter with you, man? What the devil gars you start, and look so astounded?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me! In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness, which entitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir P. Indignity! What indignity do you mean, sir? Is asking you to serve a friend with a wench an indignity? Sir, am I not your patron and benefactor, eh?

Sid. You are, sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart; but the virtuous gratitude that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me that, in return, the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitute.

Sir P. [*Rising.*] How! what, sir?—do you dispute? Are you nae my dependant, eh? and do you hesitate about an ordinary civility, which is practised every day by men and women of the first fashion? Sir, let me tell you, however nice you may be, there is nae a client about the court that wou'd nae jump at sic an opportunity to oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust for private lucre, may be learned in your party schools: for where faction and public venality are taught as measures necesary to good government and general prosperity, there every vice is to be expected.

Sir P. Oho! oho! vara weel, vara weel; fine slander upon ministers! fine sedition against government! O, ye villain!—You—you—you are a black sheep, and I'll mark you. I am glad you show yourself. Yes, yes; you have taken off the mask at last: you have been in my service for many years, and I never knew your principles before.

Sid. Sir, you never affronted them before; if you had, you should have known them sooner.

Sir P. It is vara weel; I have done with you. Ay, ay; now I can account for my son's conduct—his aversions till courts, till ministers, levees, public business, and his disobedience till my commands. Ah! you are a Judas—a perfidious fellow: you have ruined the morals of my son, you villain! But I have done with you. However, this I will prophesy at our parting, for your comfort, that guin you are so very squeamish about bringing a lad and a lass together, or about doing sic a harmless innocent job for your patron, you will never rise in the church.

Sid. Though my conduct, sir, should not make me rise in her power, I am sure it will in her favour, in the favour of my own conscience, too, and in the esteem of all worthy men; and that, sir, is a power and dignity beyond what patrons, or any minister, can bestow. [*Exit*, L.

Sir P. What a rigorous, saucy, stiff-necked rascal it is! I see my folly now; I am undone by mine ain policy. This Sidney is the last man that should have been about my son. The fellow, indeed, hath given him principles that might have done vara weel among the ancient Romans, but are damn'd unfit for the modern Britons. Weel, guin I had a thousand sons, I never wou'd suffer one of these English university-bred fellows to be about a son of mine again; for they have sic a pride of literature ,and character, and sic saucy English notions of liberty continually fermenting in their thoughts, that a man is never sure of them. But what am I to do? Zoons! he must nae marry this beggar; I cannot set down tamely under that. Stay—haud a wee. By the blood, I have it! Yes, I have hit upon it.

Enter BETTY HINT, R.

Betty. (R. C.) O, sir! I have got the whole secret out.

Sir P. About what?

Betty. About Miss Constantia. I have just got all the particulars from farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Weel, weel, but what is the story?—Quick, quick—what is it?

Betty. Why, sir, it is certain that Miss Constantia has a sweetheart, or a husband; a sort of a gentleman, or a gentleman's gentleman, they don't know which, that lodges at Gaffer Hodge's; for Sukey says she saw them together last night, in the dark walk, and Mrs. Constantia was all in tears.

Sir P. Zoons, I am afraid this is too guid news to be true.

Betty. O! sir, 'tis certainly true.—Besides, sir, she has just writ a letter to her gallant, and I have sent John Gardener to her, who is to carry it to him to Hadley. Now, sir, if your worship would seize it—see, see, sir—here John comes, with the letter in his hand.

Sir P. Step you out, Betty, and leave the fellow till me.

Betty. I will, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Enter JOHN, R. *with a packet and a letter.*

John. [R. C. *putting the packet into his pocket.*] There, go you into my pocket. There's nobody in the library, so I'll e'en go through the short way. Let me see—what is the name?—Mel—Meltil—O, no! Melville, at Gaffer Hodge's.

Sir P. (C.) What letter is that, sir?

John. Letter, sir!

Sir P. Give it me, sir.

John. An't please you, sir, it is not mine.

Sir P. Deliver it this instant, sirrah, or I'll break your head.

John. There, there, your honour.

Sir P. Begone, rascal. This, I suppose, will let us intil the whole business.

John. [*Aside.*] You have got the letter, old Surly, but the packet is safe in my pocket. I'll go and deliver that, however, for I will be true to poor Mrs. Constantia, in spite of you. [*Exit*, L.

Sir P. [*Reading the letter.*] Um—um—" and bless my eyes with the sight of you." Um—um—" throw myself into your dear arms."—Zoons, this letter is invaluable. Aha, madam?—yes, this will do—this will do, I think. Let me see how it is directed—"To Mr. Melville." Vara weel.

Enter BETTY, L.

O, Betty, you are an excellent wench—this letter is worth a million.

Betty. It is as I expected—to her gallant?

Sir P. It is, it is. Bid Constantia pack out of the house this instant, and let them get a chaise ready to carry her wherever she pleases. But first send my wife and son hither.

Betty. I shall, sir.

Sir P. Do so; begone. [*Exit* BETTY, R.] Aha, Maister Charles, I believe I shall cure you of your passion for a beggar now. I think he cannot be so infatuated as to be a dupe. Let me see, how am I to act now? Why, like a true politician, I must pretend most sincerity where I intend most deceit.

Enter EGERTON *and* LADY MACSYCOPHANT, R.

Weel, (L. C.) Charles, notwithstanding the misery you have brought upon me, I have sent for you and your mother, in order to convince you both of my affection and my readiness to forgive—nay, and even to indulge, your perverse passion. Sir, since I find this Constantia has got hold of your heart, and that your mother and you think that you can never be happy without her, why, I'll nae longer oppose your inclinations

Eger. Dear sir, you snatch me from the sharpest misery; on my knees, let my heart thank you for this goodness.

Lady M. (R. C.) Let me express my thanks too, and my joy; for had you not consented to his marrying her, we all should have been miserable.

Sir P. Weel, I am glad I have found a way to please you both at last. But, my dear Charles, suppose, now, that this spotless vestal—this wonder of virtue—this idol of your heart, should be a concealed wanton after a'? or should have an engagement in marriage, or an intrigue with another man, and is only making a dupe of you a' this time—I say, only suppose it, Charles—what would you think of her?

Eger. (R.) I should think her the most deceitful and most subtle of her sex: and, if possible, would never think of her again.

Sir P. Will you give me yonr honour of that?

Eger. Most solemnly, sir.

Sir P. Enough: I am satisfied. You make me young again. Your prudence has brought tears of joy fra my very vitals. I was afraid you were fascinated with the charms of a wanton. Do you ken this hand?

Eger. Mighty well, sir.

Sir P. And you, madam?

Lady M. As well as I do my own, sir: it is Constantia's.

Sir P. It is so; and a better evidence it is than any that can be given by the human tongue. Here is a warm, rapturous, lascivious letter, under the hypocritical syren's ain hand—her ain hand, sir. Ay, ay; here—take and read it yourself.

Eger. [*Reads.*] "I have only time to tell you, that the family have come down sooner than I expected, and that I cannot bless my eyes with the sight of you till the evening The notes and jewels, which the bearer

of this will deliver to you, were presented to me since I saw you, by the son of my benefactor."—

Sir P. [*Interrupting.*] Now mark.

Eger. [*Reads.*] "All which I beg you will convert to your immediate use."

Sir P. Mark, I say.

Eger. [*Reads.*] "For my heart has no room for any wish or fortune, but what contributes to your relief and happiness."

Sir P. Oh, Charles, Charles! do you see, sir, what a dupe she makes of you? But mark what follows.

Eger. [*Reads.*] "O, how I long to throw myself into your dear, dear arms; to soothe your fears, your apprehensions, and your sorrows. I have something to tell you of the utmost moment, but will reserve it till we meet this evening in the dark walk."

Sir P. In the dark walk—in the dark walk—ah, an evil-eyed curse upon her! Yes, yes, she has been often in the dark walk, I believe. But read on.

Eger. [*Reads.*] "In the mean time, banish all fears, and hope the best from fortune, and your ever dutiful

"CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

Sir P. There—there's a warm epistle for you:—in short, the hussey, you must know, is married till the fellow.

Eger. Not unlikely, sir.

Lady M. Indeed, by her letter I believe she is.

Sir P. Now, madam, what amends can you make me for countenancing your son's passion for sic a strumpet? And you, sir, what have you to say for your disobedience and your frenzy? O, Charles, Charles!

Eger. Pray, sir, be patient; compose yourself a moment; I will make you any compensation in my power.

Sir P. Then instantly sign the articles of marriage

Eger. The lady, sir, has never yet been consulted; and I have some reason to believe that her heart is engaged to another man.

Sir P. Sir, that's nae business of yours. I know she will consent, and that's aw we are to consider. O, here comes my lord.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT, R.

Lord L. (R.) Sir Pertinax, every thing is ready, and the lawyers wait for us.

Sir P. We attend your lordship. Where is Lady Rodolpha?

Lord L. Giving some female consolation to poor Constantia. Why, my lady—ha, ha, ha!—I hear your vestal has been flirting.

Sir P. Yes, yes, my lord; she's in vary guid order for any man that wants a wife and an heir till his estate intil the bargain.

Enter TOMLINS, R.

Tom. Sir, there is a man below that wants to speak to your honour upon particular business.

Sir P. I cannot speak till any body now—he must come another time:—haud—stay—what is he, a gentleman?

Tom. He looks something like one, sir—a sort of a gentleman—but he seems to be in a kind of a passion; for when I asked his name, he answered hastily—It is no matter, friend; go tell your master there is a gentleman here that must speak to him directly.

Sir P. Must? ha!—vary peremptory, indeed:—— pr'ythee, let us see him, for curiosity's sake.

[*Exit* TOM., R.

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, L.

Lady R. O! my Lady Macsycophant, I am come an humble advocate for a weeping piece of female frailty, wha begs she may be permitted to speak till your ladyship, before you finally reprobate her.

Sir P. I beg your pardon, Lady Rodolpha, but it must not be; see her she shall not.

Lady M. Nay, there can be no harm, my dear, in hearing what she has to say for herself.

Sir P. I tell you it shall not be.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I have done.

Enter TOMLINS *and* MELVILLE, R.

Tom. (R.) Sir, that is my master. [*Exit*, R.

Sir P. (C.) Weel, sir, what is your urgent business with me?

Mel. (R.) To shun disgrace, and punish baseness.

Sir P. Punish baseness! what does the fellow mean? Wha are you, sir?

Mel. A man, sir; and one whose fortune once bore as proud a sway as any within this country's limits.

Lord L. You seem to be a soldier, sir.

Mel. I was, sir; and have the soldier's certificate to prove my service—rags and scars. In my heart, for ten long years, in India's parching clime, I bore my country's cause, and in noblest dangers sustained it with my sword; at length, ungrateful peace has laid me down where welcome war first took me up—in poverty, and the dread of cruel creditors. Paternal affection brought me to my native land, in quest of an only child: I found her, as I thought, amiable as parental fondness could desire; but foul seduction has snatched her from me, and hither am I come, fraught with a father's anger, and a soldier's honour, to seek the seducer, and glut revenge.

Lady M. Pray, sir, who is your daughter?

Mel. I blush to own her—but—Constantia.

Eger. (L.) Is Constantia your daughter, sir?

Mel. She is; and was the only comfort that nature, fortune, or my own extravagance, had left me.

Sir P. Guid traith, then, I fancy you will find but vary little comfort fra her; for she is nae better than she should be. She has had nae damage in this mansion. I am told she is with bairn; but you may gang till Hadley, till one farmer Hodge's, and there you may learn the whole story, and wha the father of the bairn is, fra a cheeld they call Melville.

Mel. Melville!

Sir P. Yes, sir, Melville.

Mel. O, would to heaven she had no crime to answer but her commerce with Melville! No, sir, he is not the man; it is your son, your Egerton, that has seduced her; and here, sir, are the evidences of his seduction.

Eger. Of my seduction!

Mel. Of yours, sir, if your name be Egerton.

Eger. I am that man, sir; but pray what is your evidence?

Mel. These bills, and these gorgeous jewels, not to be had in her menial state, but at the price of chastity! Not an hour since she sent them, imprudently sent them, by a servant of this house: contagious infamy started from their touch.

Eger. Sir, do you but clear her conduct with Melville, and I will instantly satisfy your fears concerning the jewels and her virtue.

Mel. Sir, you give me new life; you are my better angel, I believe in your words—your looks. Know, then, I am that Melville.

Sir P. How, sir, you that Melville that was at farmer Hodge's?

Mel. The same, sir; it was he brought my Constantia to my arms; lodged and secreted me—once my lowly tenant, now my only friend. The fear of inexorable creditors made me change my name from Harrington to Melville, till I could see and consult some who once called themselves my friends.

Eger. (L.) Sir, suspend your fears and anger but for a few minutes; I will keep my word with you religiously, and bring your Constantia to your arms, as virtuous and as happy as you could wish her.

[*Exit with* LADY MAC. L.

Sir P. (L.) The clearing up of this wench's virtue is damned unlucky; I am afraid it will ruin a' our affairs again; however, I have one stroke still in my head that will secure the bargain with my lord, let matters gang as they will.—[*Aside.*]—But I wonder, maister Melville, that you did nae pick up some little matter of siller in the Indies. Ah! there have been bonny fortunes snapped up there, of late years, by some of the military blades.

Mel. It is very true, sir; but it is an observation among soldiers, that there are some men who never meet with anything in the service but blows and ill-fortune I was one of those, even to a proverb.

Sir P. Ah! 'tis pity, sir, a great pity, now, that you did nae get a Mogul, or some sic an animal, intil your clutches. Ah! I should like to have the strangling of a nabob, the rummaging of his gold dust, his jewel-closet, and a' his magazines of bars and ingots. Ha, ha, ha! guid traith, naw, sic an a fellow would be a bonny cheeld to bring till this town, and to exhibit him riding on an elephant; upon honour, a man might raise a poll tax by him, that would gang near to pay the debts of the nation. [*Retires back.*

Enter EGERTON, CONSTANTIA, LADY MACSYCOPHANT, *and* SIDNEY, L.

Eger. Sir, I promised to satisfy your fears concerning your daughter's virtue; and my best proof is, that I have made her the partner of my heart, and the tender guardian of my earthly happiness for life.

Sir P. [*Rushes forward.*] How! married!

Eger. I know, sir, at present, we shall meet your an

ger; but time, reflection, and our dutiful conduct, we hope, will reconcile you to our happiness.

Sir P. Never, never; and, could I make you, her, and a' your issue beggars, I would move hell, heaven, and earth, to do it. [*Runs*, R.

Lord L. Why, Sir Pertinax, this is a total revolution, and will entirely ruin my affairs.

Sir P. (C.) My lord, with the consent of your lordship and Lady Rodolpha, I have an expedient to offer, that will not only punish that rebellious villain, but answer every end that your lordship and the lady proposed by the intended match with him.

Lord L. (R. C.) I doubt it much, Sir Pertinax—I doubt it much. But what is it, sir? What is your expedient?

Sir P. My lord, I have another son, Sandy—Eh, he's a guid lad—and, provided the lady and your lordship have nae objection till him, every article of that rebel's intended marriage shall be amply fulfilled upon Lady Rodolpha's union with my younger son.

Lord L. Why, that is an expedient, indeed, Sir Pertinax. But what say you, Rodolpha?

Lady R. Nay, nay, my lord, as I ha nae reason to have the least affection till my cousin Egerton, and as my intended marriage with him was entirely an act of obedience till my grandmother, provided my cousin Sandy will be as agreeable till her ladyship as my cousin Charles here would have been, I have nae the least objection till the change. Ay, ay; one brother is as good to Rodolpha as another.

Sir P. I'll answer, madam, for your grandmother. Now, my lord, what say you?

Lord L. Nay, Sir Pertinax, so the agreement stands, all is right again. Come, child, let us begone. Ay, ay; so my affairs are made easy, it is equal to me whom she marries. I say, Sir Pertinax, let them be but easy, and rat me if I care if she incorporates with the cham of Tartary. [*Exit*, R.

Sir P. As to you, my Lady Macsycophant, I suppose you concluded, before you gave your consent till this match, that there would be an end of a' intercourse betwixt you and me. You shall have a jointure; but not a bawbee besides, living or dead, shall you or any of your issue ever see of mine. and so, madam, live with your Constantia. with your son, and with that damned black sheep there. [*Exit*, R.

Lady R. Weel, cousin Egerton, in spite of the ambitious phrenzy of your father, and the thoughtless dissipation of mine, Don Cupid has at last carried his point in favour of his devotees. But I must now take my leave; and so, guid folks, I will leave you with the fag end of an auld North-Country wish: "May mutual love and guid humour be the guest of your hearts, the theme of your tongues, and the blithsome subjects of aw your tricksey dreams through the rugged road of this deceitful world; and may our fathers be an example till ourselves, to treat our bairns better than they have treated us." [*Exit*, R.

Eger. You seem melancholy, sir.

Mel. These precarious turns of fortune, sir, will press upon the heart; for, notwithstanding my Constantia's happiness, and mine in her's, I own I cannot help feeling some regret, that my misfortunes should be the cause of any disagreement between a father and the man to whom I am under the most endearing obligations.

Eger. You have nae share in his disagreement; if affluence can procure content and ease, they are within our reach. My fortune is ample, and shall be dedicated to the happiness of this domestic circle:—

"My scheme, though mock'd by knave, coquette, and fool,
To thinking minds will prove this golden rule:
In all pursuits, but chiefly in a wife,
Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life."

THE END

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